OF THE
CITY OF

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 346.—4 JANUARY, 1851.

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Zum Gedächtniss August Neanders.
Neander's heimgang. Von Lic. Rauh.
Rede, gehalten im Sterbehause. Von Dr. Fr. Strauss.
Rede um Grabe. Von Dr. F. W. Krummacher.
Rede, um Tage der Beerdigung, den 17 Juli, 1850, in der Aula der Universität gesprochen. Von Dr. Karl Imm. Nitsch. Berlin. Karl Wiegandt. 1850.

In the death of Neander, Germany has lost one of her greatest teachers, and the Christian world one of its chief ornaments. A purer or nobler character has seldom adorned any church—one in which the loftiest powers of nature and the lowliest graces of the Gospel were more finely blended, and which more fixed therefore at once the love and the admiration of all who came in contact with it. For nearly forty years Neander has been one of the brightest centres of interest to all in Christian Germany. A very halo of blessing and veneration surrounded him. And, so lovely and beloved in life, his death has been deeply lamented by all classes of his country. Pastors and professors, students and people, have alike done honor to his memory. Multitudes, who own him as their spiritual father, have wept around his grave the tears of children. The eloquent Krummacher, his warm heart beating with emotion, pronounced his funeral eulogium; and the learned Nitsch, in the hall of the university, which he so loved and for which he so labored, delivered, the same day, a brief but affectionate sketch of his career. All, indeed, that we have heard, testifies to the wide-spread sincerity with which Germany has mourned *her* Neander.

But, beyond Germany, there are also many, we know, who will have wept for one whom, although they may have never seen him face to face, they have yet long since learned to recognize with "the eye of the soul" as their teacher and friend. Many who have only known him in his works (where, however, he may be so fully known) will, ere this, we feel, have woven, in spirit, a chaplet for his tomb. Students from all lands, who have held rich converse with his gifted and genial mind, will have brought, if silently yet no less heartily and gratefully, their tribute to his memory. For ourselves, feeling profoundly how much we owe him, we confess to have heard of his departure with a solemn and peculiar regret. It seemed to us as if we had suddenly lost some one very dear to us, with whom we were living in familiar and happy fellowship. Reaching us, as the news did, when death was busy in high places, and the mighty in rank, talent, and influence were being gathered as his spoils, we yet felt that there was for us something far more affecting in the loss of Neander, than in that of any whom the world was then mourning. We felt that truly a "master in Israel had fallen," that one of those great ones was gone, who, if they have lived obscurely, have yet left behind them an imperishable name—whose blessed influence, we thank God, does not die with them, but lives evermore to fructify in the hearts of the good and true of every time—and, through which, being dead, they are yet destined to speak to all future generations.

Contemplating, as we were, at any rate, some review of the labors of Neander, we could not more fitly carry our intention into effect than at the present moment, when he has so recently left us. We could not more fitly consider what he has done than when his work on earth has just terminated, and he has "entered into its reward." We will bring, therefore, with others, an offering to his memory, and if it should seem to any that we pass too lightly over some of his theological opinions—that the sketch we shall draw is not severely discriminative, let them remember (not to mention other considerations) that it becomes us to tread gently around his new-made grave, and that where, from our own theological standing-point, we cannot unconditionally commend, we may yet (faithfully guarding our own views) hush our voice to a whisper. Let none fear that in this way we shall compromise the rights of the truth. No; we know how little he himself would have approved such a course. We would only have it to be understood that if we shall dwell, in this paper, chiefly on what is most satisfactory in the views of Neander—in the services which, as we conceive, he has rendered alike to theology and the church in his country—it is not thereby to be supposed that we are insensible to the lax and erroneous opinions which some of his writings contain. It is impossible, within our space, to canvass adequately all his writings, and we now propose, therefore, to confine ourselves mainly to the consideration of the positive aspect and value of his labors. Preliminary to our task, in this respect, we present our readers with what particulars we have been able to collect of his life.

Johanna August Wilhelm Neander was born at Göttingen, January 16, 1789, of Jewish parents. While still quite young, he removed to Hamburg, where he spent the greater part of his youth, studying at the Gymnasium and Johanneum of that city. Very little appears to be generally known as to the circumstances of his parents. We remember hearing, when in Hamburg a few years ago, that they were of the very poorest class of Jews. From the same source we also heard how he came, in such a case, to have the opportunity of devoting himself to study; and the story is at once so very characteristic in regard to

himself, and so creditable to the party concerned, that we give it—not vouching, however, for its accuracy. We were told that the young Jewish boy, smitten even then with that absorbing love of books which so distinguished him through life, used to steal into the shop of the respected publisher, whose name has since become so intimately associated with his historical labors, and there sit for hours in rapt application to the volumes kindly furnished him. And so frequent became his visits, and so peculiar appeared his devotion to the learned treasures submitted to him, that M. Perthes was led to interest himself in him, and to procure him the means of prosecuting his studies. Whether or no this be a true account—and it would delight us to have it corroborated—the young Neander fortunately possessed in some way the means of pursuing his academical career, for which purpose he proceeded, in 1806, to Halle.

Previously, however, he had abandoned Judaism and been baptized, receiving only then his present name. Of the peculiar *circumstances* attending his conversion to Christianity we have no knowledge; we do not suppose, indeed, that it was marked by any special outward events, but was rather only a gradual silent change from within, the nature of which may be pretty well gathered from the glimpses he has himself given us into his life at this period, in his letters to Chamisso. In all respects, these letters are singularly interesting, as the productions of a youth of only seventeen, breathing, as they do throughout, the most simple and glowing enthusiasm, and brightly revealing to us, if only by snatches, the forming course of his inner life. There is something so pleasing in the circumstances of their origin, that we shall briefly mention them.

About two years before, Chamisso, in company with his friend, Varnhagen, Von Ense, Theremin the theologian—then a student, and others, had started a magazine of poetic literature, entitled "The Musenalman-ach." In connexion with this undertaking, the young litterateurs formed themselves into an association under the symbol of the Pole Star—*το του πολου αστερον*. No more formal bond united the youthful aspirants. The Star of the North, the region of science, was simply intended to symbolize their united devotion to the cultivation of the true and the beautiful.

Varnhagen, and Neumann, who appears to have been one of the most active of the band, having subsequently come to Hamburg to reside, they there formed the acquaintance of Neander. A strong sympathy, and mutual interest in the study of "Plato," would seem to have drawn them together in the most cordial friendship, so that Neander adopted with them the same symbol of noble ambition, and enrolled himself as a brother in their association. The enthusiastic Jewish youth, in his intense application to the pages of the Grecian sage, evidently made a very strong and lively impression on the two friends—for we find Neumann thus writing of him to Chamisso:—

We have made the acquaintance, among our fellow-students, of an excellent youth, entirely worthy of admission into our brotherhood of the North Star. Plato is his idol—his constant watchword. He sits day and night over him, and there are few who have so thoroughly and in such purity imbibed his wisdom. It is wonderful how entirely he has done this without any foreign impulse, merely through his own reflection and downright pure study. Without knowing much of the romantic poetry, he has, so to speak, constructed it for himself, and found the germ thereof in Plato. On the world around him he has learned to look with a deep contemplative glance.

This, it must be owned, is a somewhat attractive picture of the youthful student; and the same burning earnestness and winning simplicity here portrayed discover themselves still more fully in his own letters to Chamisso. The latter, it would appear, having heard in such fair terms of the new member received into their union, wrote to him in a corresponding spirit of fraternal regard. And the correspondence thus begun was continued at intervals during two years.

These letters, as we have said, are altogether very interesting, and especially in relation to the manner in which his conversion to the Gospel evidently took place. As might be inferred from the picture of him drawn by Neumann, Neander's mind appears to have passed over from Judaism to Christianity, through a species of Platonic idealism. The very same process which, in his "Church History," he has described with such peculiar and graphic force, as having occurred in other great Christian teachers, seems to have taken place in himself. In that philosophy, which, he ever continued to think, addresses itself so directly to the divine power in man, and which, in its later form, he has expressly said, "contains so much that really or seemingly harmonizes with Christian truth," he found those points of contact with the Gospel which ever drew him more closely to it—revealing itself, as it did evermore, to be alone the life of his life—the satisfaction of all his inward necessities. The ideals which in Plato "ravished his intellectual vision," and which at first he would seem to have worshipped with that intense devotion which leaves no room for any other worship in the heart of the student, in the first fresh and glorious outburst of the intellectual life; these ideals, which at length, he, too, doubtless experienced, as Augustin did,* could give him no power of victory over the flesh, he gradually found realized in the Gospel, so that they henceforth not only served to dazzle his intellect, but to quicken and energize his life. Plato was thus to Neander, as he has been to not a few noble minds, in some sense, a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ. And while he never ceased his admiration of the philosopher, he yet ever came to embrace more and more in its depth and purity the "truth as it is in Jesus." The influence of his teacher's idealism may, indeed, be visibly enough traced in some of his conceptions of Christian

* Gen. Church History, vol. iv., p. 18.

doctrine, but the divine simplicity and practical power of the Gospel were ever more felt and owned by him.

We cannot quote at any length from these youthful letters of Neander; but they possess, so far as we know, so *unique* an importance in reference to his biography, apart from the insight they give us into the great spiritual crisis of his life, that we must find room for a few extracts. The following presents, in a very warm and interesting light, his relation to the brotherhood, of which he had just become a member:

I thank you, (he says, in reply to Chamisso's first letter,) that you have expressed to me in writing the assurance of that friendship which already unites *eternally* all the like-minded who love the good and the beautiful, however circumstances may seem to separate them, and which in time no less intimately links all those who follow under a common symbol the same noble end. Glorious to me is all which thus stamps with the impress of unity various individuals, which—moulding with its own character whatever seems to lie most apart from it—reveals itself under manifold forms ever the same. Diverse may, and, indeed, must be the exertions of every single member of our union, but only that thereby in the very variety may be seen the unity, and thus the true stuff be formed in us from all sides. Previously I found no congenial companions with whom I could join myself in pleasant fellowship, and, from a natural timidity, I felt no impulse to seek such, when mere accident made me known to our two good friends, Varnhagen and Neumann, already associated in a kindred bond, and I was at once received by them into brotherhood. And, since then, most truly can I say, that much of which in my previous solitary life I had only a dim presentiment, has become to me clearer and brighter. * * * So let *us*, too, recognize each other as brothers, and mutually express ourselves so. I should like also to see you, for although bodily presence is by no means necessary to a thorough union, it is yet very agreeable to be also able to look upon our friend in his external relations as well. Until we have this opportunity, however, let us always more lovingly and fully learn to know each other by the aid of letters. And whatever may befall us, I trust that, with God's help, we shall meanwhile be able to overpass, as it were, our outward restrictions, and realize each other's presence, even as it still happens, that mere empirical necessity must submit itself to the divinely willing freedom.

In these somewhat high-flown, but deeply earnest expressions, so beating with the pulse of a heart-warm feeling throughout, we may easily perceive what had hitherto been the character of Neander's spiritual life—lonely, and self-nursed, springing from a hidden inward depth of power which had not yet found vent in any active sympathy with the world, a fountain of rich fulness which had fed itself in solitude, and not yet sought a channel "into the light of common day." Living so exclusively in loving communion with the ideals brought before him in his books, he would seem, at this period, and even for some time afterwards, not to have been altogether free from an almost ascetic repulsion to the ordinary men and things around him. In a following letter, which possesses besides a peculiar interest, from the announcement which it contains of his determination to devote himself to the study of theology, this solitary and somewhat one-sided character of his life still more fully expresses itself:

Dear friend, (he writes,) I was sorry that I had not the opportunity of seeing you at Hameln. Still we shall hope to meet at Halle. There will we all—separated, it would seem, as much as possible, by the mournful restrictions of a merely secular world, which is, alas! I grieve to say, everywhere around us—enjoy together the inward blessedness of a *civitas Dei*, whose foundation is still forever friendship. The more I come to know you, the more the world dissatisfies me, as also I dissatisfy and must still dissatisfy all men who are not my friends. Their very presence stupefies me. I cannot do homage to a common understanding, which has so withdrawn, and still ever further withdraws itself from the one centre of all existence—the divine spirit—the inward blessedness of the city of God, which it knows not, nor has ever tasted, having made for itself, through its own vain imagination, idols, according to its own cold and frivolous notions. Yes, to it, and to all which it consecrates—its idols, and its temples—be eternal war! Let every one advance to battle against it with the weapons which God has given him, till the monster is overthrown. * * * I have decided to study theology. God give me strength, as I wish and strive after, to know Himself—the only One—in a sense which the common understanding cannot comprehend, and to preach Him to the profane. Holy Saviour, Thou alone canst reconcile us with the profane race, for, inflamed with a deep love to them, which they yet deserved not, Thou didst live and suffer, and die for them. Thou *lovest* the profane—we can only hate and despise them.

There are many other passages of these letters we should like to quote, for there are everywhere, here and there, through all their exuberant and somewhat vague ideality, fine, fresh thoughts occurring: but one extract further must suffice, and it shall be a fragment—cloudy, though beautiful—of that mystic Platonized idealism, through which, as we have said, he was now striving into the atmosphere of a purer and brighter truth.

The story (he says) of the two wise men of old—the one of whom laughed, and the other wept at everything, expresses, so to speak, the two opposite poles of Heathenism—comedy, tragedy—Aristophanes, Æschylus. Life was to it at first an unceasing laugh. But joyous youth, at first absorbing everything in its boundless mirth, at length also absorbs and consumes itself. With the season of youth, its laugh too—the first fresh birth of nature's strength—passes away. And now a troubled earnestness succeeds a wild playfulness, both destined to perish. It behoved Antiquity to weep, in order that *He* might come, who would dry the tears of all, and reintroduce forever the sure cheerfulness of the holy disposition. * * * In the ancient world, first appears Fate as the external universality—in which everything individual is lost and swallowed up—the images of which are the mythical life in poetry and the common life in the state, or patriotism. All in mass only, and in

lump. Next is seen the individual awakening to consciousness; and now ensues division and moral strife; the individual opposing himself, with giant strength, to an overruling despotic fate. In Christ alone is the reconciliation of the individual and the universal to be found. In his ascension is seen the individual eternally substantiating himself, and embracing in his arms the universal. This reconciliation, too, is found expressing itself in Providence, opposed to Destiny, as also in the Trinity—the Son being One with the Father, and the individual eternally produced from the universal out of the One—the Spirit, the Copula. For we call the universal, so far as it is indwelling in the individual, the Spirit.—Such are the half-tones with which I answer your letter.

Half-tones, truly, in some respects, sounding through a "dim and perilous" region of metaphysic; but in other respects also tones of deep, though broken, meaning, showing how profoundly Neander had already penetrated into the historic meaning of Heathenism in its relation to Christianity.

But we must now proceed with our sketch of his life. After studying at Halle, to which, as we have already stated, he went in 1806, and where he came under the impressive influence (an influence which cannot be questioned, although we have no particular means of ascertaining its limits) of Schleiermacher, then in the first height of his fame as a teacher, he proceeded to Göttingen; and in the place of his birth completed his academical career, under the venerable Planck. Here he was especially led to those original investigations into the sources of Christian history, which constituted the great work of his life. The influence of Planck, who had himself earned so well-merited a fame from his historical labors, was, doubtless, not without its effect in kindling and fostering within him the love for such researches. Having here finished his university curriculum, he returned for a short while to Hamburg, where he continued, with all his former solitary ardor, to pursue his studies. At length, in 1811, in his twenty-first year, he commenced his career as a theological teacher, at Heidelberg, by defending his essay, "De fidei gnoseosque ideæ, qua ad se invicem atque ad philosophiam referatur, ratione, secundum mentem Clementis Alexandrini." In the year following he was appointed Extraordinary Professor of Theology in the same city; and at this period he first appeared as an author, by the publication of his "Monograph on the Emperor Julian." The fresh insight into the History of the Church, and the vivid and striking power of delineation, which this work discovered, at once drew general attention to the distinguished talents of its author, and marked him out as a rising theologian of the first rank. He soon, accordingly, even before he had terminated the first year of his academical labors at Heidelberg, received a call to Berlin, where the King of Prussia was at that time striving to gather around him, in his newly-founded university, the ablest teachers from all quarters of Germany. Thither, some time previously, had come both Schleiermacher and De Wette; and these illustrious men, in conjunction with our author, and others of scarcely less illustrious name, may be said, through their mutual efforts, to have given an impetus to the youthful mind of Germany, which truly constitutes an epoch in its history. Of the three theologians—so dissimilar in many points, yet so united in the same hearty desire to shed, by their exertions, a living glory on the infant institution to which they belonged—the last is now gone: and with Neander too, we believe, the last link of that chain which connected the present younger with the older race of professors. While its first glory is thus departed, however, we trust that this now famed university will continue, by the increasingly fruitful labors of its professors and students, to add even a brighter lustre to its reputation.

Now fixed in Berlin, Neander at once settled himself to those habits of intense private study (which had already, as we have seen, so marked his youth) and of laborious and consuming faithfulness in the discharge of his public duty, which characterized his whole future career. His life, in fact, was but one silent, untiring labor, undistinguished, so far as we know, by any external incidents of importance, and varied only by brief spring and autumn excursions into the country; during which, however, he was by no means idle, but would be found laying under contribution the stores of some library to which he had not otherwise access.

His studies continued peculiarly in the same direction in which they had begun. In the year following his appointment to Berlin his second monograph, entitled "Der Heilige Bernard und sein Zeitalter," appeared; and in the year 1818, his work on Gnosticism, "Genetische Entwickelung der vornehmsten gnostischen Systems." A still more extended and elaborate monograph than either of the preceding followed on Chrysostom, "Der Heilige Chrysostomus und die Kirche, besonders des Orients, in dessen Zeitalter:" and again, in 1825, still another, on Tertullian, "Antignostikus. Geist der Tertullianus." He had meantime, however, begun his great work, to which these several efforts were only, as it were, preparatory *studies*. The immediate occasion of his setting about what he had all along contemplated as the main task of his life, was, as he has himself told us, the call for a new edition of his work on Julian. Such a call he found he could not comply with, without, in fact, re-writing this early production, and giving it an altogether new and more comprehensive form. Encouraged by his publisher, he therefore preferred beginning his "General History of the Christian Religion and Church," which should embrace this as well as all the other special points to which his attention had already been directed. The first part of this enlarged undertaking accordingly made its appearance in 1825, comprehending the history of the three first centuries, from the end of the apostolic

age to the year 311. The remaining parts, down to the fifth, (making in all, according to the first edition, ten, according to the second, eight volumes,) have since appeared at successive intervals, bringing down the history of the Church to the close of the thirteenth century. Besides this grand central work, he published, in 1832, his history of the "Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles;" and, in 1837, his "Life of Jesus Christ, in its Historical Connexion and Historical Development"—works which he had all along contemplated as indispensable adjuncts to his "General History," but in which, from particular circumstances, he found himself called upon to engage before its completion—in the case of his "Life of Jesus," as is well known, from the necessity he felt of opposing the famous work of Strauss. In addition to all these labors, he gave to the public, first in 1822, and subsequently in 1845–46, a sort of popular Church History, entitled "Memorabilia (Durkwüsdigkeiten) from the History of the Christian Life:" and in 1829, a volume of occasional writings, chiefly exegetical and historical; and again, in 1840, another volume of a similar character, under the title of the "Unity and Variety of the Christian Life." Many extended papers besides have appeared from his unwearying pen, as, for example, those on Plotinus, Thomas Aquinas, Theobald Thamer, Pascal, Newman, Blanco White, and Arnold,* &c.

It will be abundantly evident, from our bare statement, what a life of unremitting toil Neander's was; and yet we have only seen, so to speak, the half of it, for his devotion to his public duties as a professor was equally ardent and assiduous. He lectured usually thrice a day, his lectures embracing within their range almost every branch of theology, exegetics, dogmatics, ethics, as well as church history. His lecture-room, indeed, became one of the most prominent interests of his being; and whatever other engagements he may have forgotten, in the profound reverie of study in which he lived, we never heard of his failing to be with his class at the appointed hour. The care of his students ever lay as a chief burden on his warm heart; and, not contented with discharging his public duty towards them in the university, he assembled them regularly of evenings in his house, where—sitting in the midst of them as they gathered round him in a circle (his little, strange figure presenting the oddest possible spectacle in such a position)—he would answer their inquiries and solve their doubts. Nothing, consequently, could exceed his popularity among the students. The very warmest feelings, indeed, of affectionate respect were cherished towards him by all classes of the community in Berlin; and the love of the students for him even sometimes reached a sort of *furor*. This was especially manifested on his last birthday, when they met in procession, and marched through the city by torch light in celebration of it. The procession pausing opposite the windows of his house, he was addressed in a figurative complimentary allusion to the greatness of the occasion. This incident affected him in a manner illustrative of the simplicity of his character. Stepping forward, he declared himself to be only a "poor sinner," exclaiming, in a voice trembling with emotion, and the tears trickling down his cheeks—as one of the fathers had done before him—"O, Divine Love, I have not loved thee strongly, deeply, warmly enough!"

With all the noble qualities which thus so endeared him as a man and a teacher, Neander, it is well known, united an amount of eccentricity in his mere manners and personal appearance, which exceeds almost all that we ever heard of any other in the same way; and which, it is possible, was not without its influence among the students, especially in heightening the peculiar interest which they felt in him. And whatever any may think of his singularities—in *his* case—however it may have sometimes happened in that of others—it is altogether impossible to ascribe them to any degree of affectation. The bare idea of such a thing, to any who have caught even a glimpse of the pure, transparent simplicity of his character, were the wildest eccentricity in the world. It is not difficult, indeed, to see how many of his peculiarities should have arisen in the most natural manner. Leading all along so solitarily studious a life—his intellectual and spiritual energies so completely absorbing his whole being that he would seem scarcely ever to have fully realized his relation to the actual world of social every-day life around him, it is not wonderful that a habit of the most profound and inveterate abstractedness should have grown upon him. Living so entirely in a contemplative world of his own, his deep-sunken eyes seeming rather to rest upon the busy throng of ideas within than the busy crowd of things without him, it need not surprise us that he should have so often acted as if he had forgotten altogether the world of sense in which he moved. Not that we are to suppose for a moment that he continued to cherish any of that somewhat stern opposition to the world which we have seen to express itself in his youthful letters. On the contrary, none in the maturity of his Christian convictions was ever more free from such a feeling—even in his youth, as we have seen, genuinely Christian at the root, but only expressed in somewhat too harsh and one-sided a manner. None ever regarded his fellow-men with a more ardent and deep-hearted interest; and none, we may add, in his writings has more fully exposed the false, truly anti-christian character of every form of that self-seeking spirit of isolation which would arbitrarily withdraw itself from intercourse with the world—a phenomenon which, we need not say, often meets him in the course of his history. His own mode of life, so withdrawn from all ordinary

* Some of these papers, as those on Plotinus, Thomas Aquinas, and Pascal, were read before the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin; others appeared in the "Jährbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik."

social activities, was, as Nitsch has truly said, in no degree the result of any *moral determination*, but simply, where not necessitated by the conditions of his health, the natural channel into which so contemplative and scientific an existence flowed. The very queerest manners, however, it must be owned, seem to have gradually overgrown this quiet, deep-flowing stream of his life. The German students have a perfect anthology of stories about him; such as his frequent appearance in his study, and even, it is said, in his lecture-room, half-dressed—his always going, if left alone, to his old residence after he had removed to another part of the city—his walking in the gutter—his continuing writing on the desk before him after he had come to the end of his paper. Of his aspect and demeanor while engaged in the discharge of his professional duty, which have been so often described, we give the following account, which appeared originally among the foreign correspondence of an American newspaper,* and which, if it have no higher value, will at least be found very *piquant* by those who find something ever so interesting even in the eccentricities of men of genius.

"I had the opportunity," states the writer, "the other day, (March, 1849,) of seeing the celebrated Professor Neander. I went in the morning to the university to hear him deliver an exegetical lecture upon a chapter in the New Testament. His personal appearance was as singular as his mode of addressing his audience was extraordinary. His forehead, broad and high, was almost wholly covered by his long black hair, and its base was bounded by a massive ridge, jutting far outwards, and surrounded by thick shaggy eyebrows. His eyes were so deeply sunken, and concealed by his half-closed eyelids, that neither their color nor their form was discernible. His mouth and nostrils were somewhat rudely shaped, and his complexion was of that dark, dry, sallow cast that marks years of intense study and reflection. His form was thin, bent, and loosely knit, and his carriage and attitude the most careless and graceless possible. He had on a white cravat, and a grayish frock-coat reaching below his knees. Fancy such a man, standing on a slightly-elevated platform; his left arm resting on the corner of a desk four feet high, his left hand shading his eyes from the light, his right hand holding, within three or four inches of his face, a large-typed Greek Testament, from which he never withdraws his intense look; and, further, fancy him with the whole upper half of his person bent over in an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, balancing the desk upon its two back legs, and with his left foot kept constantly crossed over his right, except when occasionally, either through caprice, or to restore the equilibrium of the desk, he suddenly retracts as if about to take a desperate leap, and as suddenly replaces it; and, still further, fancy him perfectly absorbed in his subject, and speaking with a slow, monotonous utterance, interrupted only by a pause when he has to ask from one of the students a word which he cannot recognize on account of imperfect sight—and you have a faithful picture of the most philosophical historian, and perhaps most profound theologian living, in *rapportement* with his young disciples. When his instructions are not exegetical, and do not require a book, you will have to vary the picture by imagining him lecturing extemporaneously, and all the while engaged in pulling to pieces a quill, previously given him by one of his attendants for this special purpose. I mention these things to interest but not to divert you. Notwithstanding all his peculiarities, the students seemed to regard him with a reverence approaching to homage, and to catch as a treasure every word that fell from his lips."

* The "New York Courier."

The relation of Neander to the various parties in the German Church, involving as it does the consideration of his whole theological position, will be more fully noticed by us immediately. We may now only say that he was, both by nature, and by the manner—so thoroughly inward and reflective—through which he had himself attained to a profound Christian belief, of far too free and independent a spirit to ally himself closely and professedly to any party. There was something, in fact, in his mind which peculiarly revolted against all ecclesiastical and theological sectarianism. He was so in the habit of looking all around him, and acknowledging on all sides the good that met his moral sympathy, that he could not be a party-man. This radically catholic disposition everywhere discovers itself in his writings, and, in one instance, has found a sort of monumental expression in the title which he has given to his paper on Wilberforce, among his occasional writings—"The man of God, no man of party." We find evidences of the position thus occupied by Neander in the few several events which mark his outward connexion, in any degree, with the ecclesiastical controversies of his day. Thus, it is well known that when the publication of Strauss' so-called "Life of Jesus" excited such a ferment, and the loud cry was got up by one party that its circulation should be prohibited, Neander, on being appealed to by the minister of ecclesiastical affairs, gave it as his decided opinion that the book should not be suppressed, written, as it was, in no frivolous, but in a strictly scientific spirit, and that the only legitimate mode of opposing its influence was by refuting its conclusions—a task to which he would immediately address himself. When again, in the year 1845, theological strife was waged so bitterly between Hengstenberg and those whom he denominated "Schleiermacherianer," Neander, while keeping aloof from what must have been so distasteful to him as the impure spirit which characterized that controversy, yet sought by his powerful voice to quell the combatants on both sides; and, with this view, published a fly-sheet entitled "Words of Peace among the contending Parties,"* which is not without some general

* Literally, "among the Oppositions"—Worte des Frudens unter den Gegensätzen.

interest in enabling us to estimate his theological views. We should not, indeed, be prepared to say that Neander did not in some respects carry his liberality too far, (as, for instance, in the matter of Gesenius and Wegschuder,) but still we must admire that bold, fine confidence in the power of the truth itself to work out its own ends, which he so deeply cherished, and which was so obviously the ground upon which he ever felt so disinclined to identify himself with the positive one-sided measures of any party to promote its advancement.

It is proper for a moment to glance at Neander in his more peculiarly private relations, though here we find very little to note. He never married, but lived with his sisters, for whom he cherished the warmest affection. One of them was generally seen with him when he ventured a walk in the parks of the city, which he occasionally did; and, of late years, when, through the studious toil of his youth and prime, he had almost lost his eye-sight, the surviving one would be seen walking up and down the street, opposite to the university, waiting to accompany him home. The loss of his other sister, to whom he was peculiarly attached, which took place a few years ago, was the most trying affliction of his life. "For a short time," it is said, "he was quite overcome; but suddenly he dried his tears, calmly declared his firm faith and reliance on the wise purpose of God in taking her to himself, and resumed his lectures immediately, as if nothing had overtaken him to disturb his serenity."

Marked by a spirit so devotedly Christian and truly amiable in all respects, it would not become us to pass by one of the most distinguishing traits of Neander's life. His charity was unbounded. Of his peculiar care of his students we have already spoken, but it would be difficult to convey any adequate idea of all his self-sacrifice in their behalf. Poor students were not only furnished with tickets to his lectures, but were also often provided by him with money and clothing, and he has been known even, we believe, to give his own new coat to one, retaining the old one for himself. All the money received for his lectures, it is said, was devoted to charitable purposes of one sort or another. Under his auspices, and bearing his name, an association was formed for the special object of enabling poor theological students to pursue their studies, and the profits of many of his works were entirely given to it. To one, indeed, so simple in his tastes, and so sparing in his enjoyments, as Neander, such sacrifices would cost but little. But they are not the less beautiful on that account; and what a source of blessing and of joy must they have been to many a youth who, thirsting to drink more fully at the fount of knowledge, must have otherwise failed of the means of doing so.

Thus lived and labored Neander, till, in his sixtieth year, it might truly have been said of him, as he has himself so finely said of Luther, that old age had come upon him prematurely, "by reason of his many labors, the manifold troubles which raged around him, and his sicknesses." He was still, however, assiduous as ever in the discharge of all his duties, bearing down encroaching infirmities by the force of an indomitable will, which could brook no intermission of his appointed work. On Monday, the 8th of July, he was in his classroom as usual. Although the weather had been for some time very changeable, no solicitations could keep him back from his wonted task at the university. On that day, however, it was observed, notwithstanding all his efforts, that his voice failed him in the delivery of his lecture—a thing altogether unusual with him. Still he persevered to the close, when he was only able by the help of some of the students, to dismount from the platform on which he lectured; and, completely exhausted, he returned home. One of his hearers on this occasion, deeply moved with the too evident signs of his approaching decay, exclaimed, with a mournful emphasis in his voice, "This is the last lecture of our Neander." On reaching home, he would yet to his work as usual; called his amanuensis, and began the dictation of his "Church History," which he continued without intermission for three hours. At length the power of nature could bear up no longer, and he sought repose—but only after repelling for some time the affectionate remonstrances of his sister with a "Let me alone—cannot every workman still work while he will." On the following day violent diarrhœa attacked him, and all hope of continuing his professional duties was necessarily abandoned. Still only for "one day" would he allow his lectures to be postponed. Next day he hoped he would be able to resume his duties. But although the physicians succeeded in temporarily checking his disease, the springs of life were too thoroughly exhausted within him to permit of any well-founded hope of his recovery. So far, however, did he rally, that he conceived himself sufficiently able to rise and re-commence work; and scarcely the most powerful entreaties could prevent his doing so. His voice, which had never before been heard but in the mildest accents to the servant, now rose in commanding address to her to bring him his clothes that he might get up. There is to us something inexpressibly touching in this little and so purely childlike incident. But his sister at length soothed him with the words, "Think, dear Augustus, what would be said if I disobeyed the orders of the physician. It is God's doing, and therefore we must cheerfully submit." "That is true," he replied, with suddenly hushed voice, "all is from God, and we must praise Him for it." Now, quiet and resigned, he requested to be removed from the darkened chamber in which he had hitherto lain, to the open, sunny room in which, for twenty years, he had pursued his untiring studies. Brought thither, he seemed to drink in with eager eyes the golden light, after which he ever so longed—child as he so truly was of the light; and as, indeed, he had only a

few days before playfully said of himself, that he was an ἐπαδὸς του ηλιου.* Somewhat revived by this change, and by the sight of the dear familiar companions of his life-long studies—his books—the old spirit returned upon him; and his thoughts wandered now to his class-room, now to the favorite subject upon which he had proposed lecturing during the following session, "The Gospel of John, contemplated from its truly historical point of view," and again, to his "Church History," some further sentences of which he dictated regarding the German mystics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the so-called "Friends of God." At length, some one having replied in answer to his inquiry as to the time, "that it was half-past nine o'clock," he said, "I am tired, I will now go to sleep;" and, laying himself down, he breathed softly, "Good night;" and after a few hours' disturbed and painful slumber he was no more. On the stillness of a Sabbath morn, that great and gentle spirit departed to the God who gave it.

Thus died Neander, as he had lived, working. He needed no special preparation, for his life had been but one patient preparation for the coming of his Lord: and it appears that nothing could have been more appropriate to the actual expiry of his laborious career than the profound sense of weariness which, on this his *last day*, he expressed more than once—as on another occasion, "I am weary, let us now make ready to go home;" the energies of mortality, which had held on so long, having only thus yielded at the final close of his earthly toil—when his transfigured spirit, in all the freedom of eternity, was to rise to "nobler heights of love divine," and wander through ampler fields of heavenly science.

On the Wednesday following his funeral took place, attended by an immense concourse of people, and the whole extent of its procession, along two miles of the city, lined with profoundly interested spectators. The hearse was surrounded by students, some of them from Halle, carrying lighted candles, and in advance was borne the Bible and Greek Testament which had ever been used by the deceased. At the grave, music was sung and addresses delivered; and "it was a truly solemn sight," says the same writer* from whom we have quoted the previous sentence, "to see the tears gushing from the eyes of those who had been the pupils and friends of Neander."

In entering upon the examination of Neander's labors, our task, we conceive, will most appropriately divide itself into two divisions, in the first of which we shall consider his general position and views as a theologian; and, in the second, what he has specially accomplished in the department of church history, the main labor of his life. This, we think, will be a better plan than to attempt any successive notice of his various writings, which were, in fact, in any thorough sense, a task altogether impossible within the compass of a single article—each of his three great works furnishing in itself ample ground for an extensive and elaborate criticism. The very comprehensive nature of our task, then, will be borne in mind in the estimate we may express of his labors—which, however, we trust, in most respects, will stand fully justified in its own light.

It is, we believe, quite impossible at all rightly to appreciate the services of Neander, without bringing clearly before us his special position among the diverse theological classes of his country. It is true that in none of his writings does Neander expressly teach what is more strictly called theology. All, from first to last, as we have seen, bear more or less directly upon the historic exhibition of the Christian doctrine and life, the great task to which he felt himself especially called, and for which he was doubtless especially fitted. But in carrying out this main purpose of his studies, as well in the history of the apostolic age, and of the great Founder of Christianity himself, as in his "General Church History," he was necessarily led to express with sufficient distinctness his own theological views—for, as he himself says, "a purely objective historical work, stripped of all subjectivity in its representation, untinctured by the individual sentiments of the writer, is an absurdity." Besides, in his various prefaces, particularly in that to the third edition of his "Life of Jesus," where, in opposition to judgments passed upon his book from adverse sides, he is led to express himself somewhat fully as to his position—and, moreover, in his numerous occasional papers, to which we have already referred, he discovers very strongly how dear to him were his special theological convictions—how they lay at the root of all his historic labors, and alone reflected on them their full and fruitful meaning.

Neander, as we have already seen, was a pupil of Schleiermacher at Halle. For his instructor, whose colleague he subsequently became, he ever cherished the warmest regard; and while he cannot be properly classed with those who have been

* I have this, said he on this occasion, in common with the Emperor Julian, but Strauss must not know this.—Neander's "Heimgang von Lic. Rauh." This instance of playfulness on the part of Neander strengthens us in an opinion which we had formed, even in reading his "Church History," that he did not want, among his other qualities, a quiet power of humor, that piquant perception of the felicitous and odd, which so few minds of the same genial stamp as his are ever without. Living the sort of unworldly life he did, this faculty, indeed, can scarcely be said to have been at all developed in him; but *there* it doubtless was—and it now and then even breaks forth amid all the gravity and severe composure of his history—at least we fancy so, and have pencilled in our own copy what we conceive to be various traits of it.

We also avail ourselves of the occasion of this note to express our indebtedness—we may say entirely—for the above particulars of Neander's death, to the interesting account of Licentiate Rauh among the contents of the pamphlet given at the head of our article. While appropriating it, however, as we have done so freely, we have not quoted it in any such strict or continuous form, as could enable us to make a more explicit and obvious acknowledgment of our obligations to it in the text.

* A writer who gives an account of his death and burial in an American paper, and to whom we have been indebted for one or two interesting facts in the course of our narrative.

specially called the disciples of that gifted man, he yet clearly owed to him, with so many others, a powerful excitation of his spiritual being, and in some degree, perhaps, its special direction. His emphatic declaration on hearing the death of his revered teacher—"The man is departed, from whom will be dated for the future a new epoch in theology," sufficiently betrays his lively appreciation of Schleiermacher's influence, and his sympathy and concurrence with the impulse which he had imparted to the theological mind of his country. It is true that Neander was, as we have already remarked, of too strongly independent a bias, and too widely sympathizing a nature—and besides, as we have seen, he had himself arrived at mature Christian convictions through struggles too thoroughly personal, and a too direct and original intuition of the divine truth and life in history, to permit of his being regarded as a mere follower of any man, however influential. Still it is equally true that we can have little difficulty in determining his general theological position as one closely allied with that so-called *middle* school of theology in Germany, which takes its rise from Schleiermacher, and certainly regards him with a peculiar reverence.

It does not now fall within our province to criticize the merits of this school—so differently estimated by different parties in this country; and especially as an occasion may soon again occur of bringing it before us, in a review of the general series of theological phenomena in Germany—in conjunction with which it can alone be fully comprehended. It will only be necessary, in the mean time, to advert in a cursory manner to the rise and characteristics of this, at present certainly the most powerful and spontaneous tendency of the German theological mind.

It is well known into what a state of utter disorganization religious opinion had fallen in Germany, when Schleiermacher first appeared as a religious teacher. The cold and negative spirit which so generally characterized the eighteenth century in every province of thought, had reached in the religious atmosphere of the fatherland a degree of refrigeration which threatened to destroy every vestige of higher faith and feeling. Every scholar is familiar with this state of things, in all the confused phenomena of the older or Semlerian rationalism. Just at this crisis, Schleiermacher, under a deep persuasion of the religious necessities of his time, uttered his powerful, if not in some respects very distinct, voice in behalf of religion, in those remarkable discourses of his youth, addressed to the "educated among its despisers." And penetrated, as he truly was, by a profound Christian feeling, derived from his education among the Moravians, and, at the same time, gifted with intellectual endowments of the highest order, he possessed many qualifications for the great task which seemed assigned him, of breathing a higher and holier spirit into the theology of his country.

The very full and comprehensive view of his labors lately presented in this journal, renders it quite superfluous for us to do more than indicate that special characteristic which may be considered to have constituted him, in some degree, the founder of a school. He combined, we have said, with a warm religious feeling, the highest intellectual qualities. He possessed, in fact, a very piercing and discursive mind—was thoroughly disciplined in all the science of his day—keenly susceptible of all its influences, and often strongly moved and governed by them. It is easy to see what would be the special conflict and endeavor of one formed as Schleiermacher thus was, in the position which he occupied. Feeling so equally drawn by the cords of piety and of science, he would strive to unite them on a basis securing to each its respective right; and this was exactly what he did attempt to do. The rights of piety he opposed, on the one hand, to a mere negative and devouring Rationalism; and the rights of science, on the other, to a one-sided and absorbing pietism. The claims of both he held to be equally valid; and, so far from properly excluding each other, to be both only capable of reaching their full, healthy development by a mutual interpenetration. As piety necessarily dwarfs and disappears where not continually refreshed and invigorated by the fruitful labors of critical science; so a scientific spirit without an interest in Christianity does not, properly speaking, belong to theology at all. The professed theologian destitute of such an interest is a mere scholar, occupied "in working up certain elements of theology, in the spirit of that particular science from which they may happen to be derived." It is only the union of the two elements which can entitle any one to be considered a theologian, in the right sense of the word; and only, as he has himself expressed it in one of the aphoristic expressions of his "Outlines,"—"the union of these two elements, in their highest degree, and in the greatest possible equilibrium, which can constitute a Prince in the Church."

The synthesis thus expressed, of a Christian and scientific *interest*, of a living piety and "free exercise of criticism," is, we think, to be regarded as the broadest and most essential characteristic of Schleiermacher's theological tendency, and of that of the school which has proceeded from him. To this ultimate and distinguishing principle we believe all the more special views of this school may be referred, and find in it their explanation. It does not desire, as has been set forth, in some sort officially, in its great organ,* piety *or* science, in other words, "faith *or* knowledge, the letter *or* the spirit, but faith *and* knowledge, the letter *and* the spirit." Nor, while this principle is put forth in so marked and characteristic a manner by the theologians of this school, is it to be supposed that they assert it to be anything *novel* in its application to the exegesis of Scripture, and the formation of a biblical theology. On the very contrary, they hold it to be just the same fundamental principle upon which the reformers proceeded; and whereas

* Studien und Kritiken.

the dead system of rationalism which succeeded to the Reformation arose directly from the divorce of one of the elements of this principle from the other —the ethical from the theoretical—so it is only from their fresh reünion and coäctivity that a living theology can once more arise. Such a theology, *adequate to the necessities of their own time*, these theologians do not find ready-made in the dogmatic systems of the Reformation. Recognizing the full validity of these systems for their own time, they do not acknowledge them to be absolute expressions of the truth, binding on the church in all ages; but, on the contrary, strongly assert the necessity of ever seeking the truth afresh in the divine fountain of Scripture, and of hence reproducing it in new and more comprehensive conceptions, suited to the ever newly emerging wants of humanity. Thus scientifically free in its views, it is yet by no means open, we conceive, (and our purpose *now*, let it be borne in mind, is not *criticism*, but *simple exposition*,) to the charge which some have preferred against it, of abandoning all historical basis for its labors. For while it does not, indeed, hold by the past expressions of the church's views, as exclusive summaries of Christian truth, ever obligatory in all respects upon the church, yet it does very decidedly and significantly attach itself to those former symbols as points of the greatest importance in the historical development of theology. It does not appropriate them as something fixed and unalterable, and necessarily confining the church's movements in all time coming; but it does appropriate them, in a living manner, as the church's past acquirements—only aiming, at the same time, through the fresh intuition of Scripture, to work what is eternal in them into renewed forms, corresponding to renewed necessities. It does not render itself absolutely dependent on any human doctrinal formula, but no more does it assume a proud independence of the past dogmatic teaching of the church. It would only, while firmly holding to an historical theology, at the same time strongly maintain the privilege to belong to it, as well as to the church of the Reformation, of drawing also directly from the well of Scripture the pure truth directly in the love of it.

The sympathies of Neander were decidedly with this theological tendency, which we have sought so briefly to mark. From the very outset of his career, he felt himself powerfully drawn to it, at once by his own mental peculiarities, and by all the disciplinary influences through which he had passed. With a mind widely differing from that of Schleiermacher, he possessed perhaps even in rarer perfection, certainly in more harmonious union, both the scientific and Christian elements which must combine in the theologian. Without the amazing versatility and logically discriminating talent which so distinguished his teacher—with less acuteness and restlessly speculative power—Neander's was yet a mind of vast compass, of profound intellectual depths. Characteristically meditative, while Schleiermacher was characteristically dialectic, he yet felt with almost equal force and delicacy all the claims of science. Less impelled to speculation—with a less systematizing spirit—he was no less thoroughly trained in all the exercises of philosophy. No one, in fact, ever owned more powerfully those intellectual necessities which must still seek vent in speculation; or had, in some respects, a more genial sympathy with them. While the practical interests ever, upon the whole, happily predominated with him, he had accordingly sounded all the depths of ancient and modern thought—entered into their fruits, and made them his own in the most free and perfect manner. Thus highly qualified on the one side, he was still more highly so on the other. So susceptible to the claims of science, he was penetrated to the very depths of his being by an earnest Christian interest. In this latter respect, we feel bound to recognize his superiority to his great teacher. For if Schleiermacher truly was, as we most heartily believe, urged on in all his labors by sincere religious feeling, which, in his own touching language, was "the maternal womb in whose sacred obscurity his young life was nursed," we must still, in his illustrious pupil, acknowledge, in some respects, a more genuine Christian nature; if not a higher apprehension, yet a simpler and purer appropriation of the Christian life; more of that self-sacrificing temper, or childlike *abêtir*, which, as Pascal so finely saw, is the peculiar spring of all its truth and beauty. And thus, so penetrated himself by a profound Christian feeling, he apprehended with a thrilling clearness its necessity to the theologian. "Without it," he emphatically says, "there can be no theology. It can only thrive in the calmness of a soul consecrated to God; what grows amid the noisy bustle of the world, and the empty babble of the age, is not theology." And exactly in the same spirit, and proceeding from the same strong recognition of the absolute necessity of this Christian element in all theology, was his favorite motto—"Pectus est quod theologam facit."

It will not be doubted, we think, that the Christian interest, thus so clearly expressed by Neander, was with him practically something more definite and predominant than with Schleiermacher, and some who may be considered more particularly his followers. With Neander it is, as we conceive, comparatively rarely obscured. In some of his exegetical views, indeed, it may be found succumbing to what we must hold to be a perverted scientific bent; but, generally speaking, and on the great points of doctrine, it will be found exerting its happy influence over him. Wherever, in any case, the issue is between the invading rights of science "and the native rights of a simple Christian faith," Neander is never found uttering a hesitating voice. His testimony is ever raised in emphatic and confident terms on the side of the Gospel. And we fear this cannot be always said of Schleiermacher Sometimes the dark shadow of the unchristian speculation of his age would seem to have deep-

ened with a sad pathos the inner tones of his being, and drawn from him a tremulous response, even on some of the very life-questions of the Gospel.* But where the essence of the Christian truth is thus concerned in opposition to the demands of science, Neander is ever found sound, and to all attempts of the latter to intrude beyond its own province he replies—as Nitsch has truly said of him—with a decided and even vehement *No*.

Nor will it be supposed for a moment, from what we have already said, that he is ever found standing less decidedly forward for the *genuine* rights of science. This is the last thing that can be truly said of him, or is likely to be said of him by any school of evangelical theology, and it scarcely deserved, therefore, we think, the formal refutation which Nitsch has given it in his sketch, to which we have already referred. We need only quote a single sentence from the preface to the first edition of his "Church History," to show with what clearness and cogency he no less upheld the claims of science:—

Nothing, (he says,) but what can stand as truth before the scrutiny of genuine unprejudiced science —of a science which does not see through the glass of a particular philosophical or dogmatic school—can be profitable for instruction, doctrine, and reproof; and wherever a science relating to the things of God, and their revelation and evolution among mankind, has not become by mismanagement of human perversity an insignificant caricature or a lifeless skeleton, it must necessarily bear these fruits. Science and life (he adds) are here designed to interpenetrate each other, if life is not to be exposed to the manifold contradictions of error, and science to death and inanity.

Thus allying himself with the general principle of Schleiermacher's school of theology, Neander is found quite united with it in his estimation of creeds. He clearly recognizes their historical significance and value; but declares unequivocally against their permanent validity and obligation. "The Gospel itself," he says, "rests on an immovable rock, while human systems of theology are everywhere undergoing a purifying process." When assailed by Schulz on this very point, he boldly replied that his only concern was whether his statements "accorded with truth—above all, Christian truth; but that as to the opinions of this or that set of *men* he was quite indifferent," frankly acknowledging that, with the exception of the Apostles' Creed, which testifies "to those fundamental facts of Christianity that are essential to the existence of the Christian Church," he could not subscribe any of the existing symbols as an unconditional expression of his religious convictions. To the Augsburg Confession, indeed, he held, in so far as it symbolizes the great fundamental doctrines of the Reformation, the corruption of human nature (not however excluding, but pre-supposing in man an element of affinity with God—*Gottverwandte*) and justification by faith in Jesus as the Redeemer. In so far as it is an exposition of these essential doctrines, together with the unchangeable verities to which the Apostles' Creed bears witness, he regarded it as the irrefragable basis of the Evangelical Church, "on which basis," he says, "it *protests* against all popery, whether the Roman or any other impure spirit of the age—against human statutes, no matter of what kind." But while so far holding by the creed of the Reformation, he could by no means agree with those who conceived "that the whole dogmatic system and the entire mode of contemplating divine and human things must return as it then existed."

It requires, indeed, only a very partial acquaintance with the writings of Neander to perceive that he was directly opposed, from the whole bent of his theological conceptions to those who would abide unalterably by some fixed and definite symbol as a sum of truth forever concluded to the church. Thus, to stand absolutely by one point in the historical development of theology is, with him, to misconceive the very nature and end of the church, as the great lever of human progress, the ever young antagonist to the latest generations of all manifestations of anti-christian error. There is no doubt a divine circle of ideas, directly based on the facts of revelation so admirably summarized in the Apostles' Creed, beyond which the church can never advance; but within this circle it may, and, in fact, must continue to develop itself freely, ever bringing forth from its treasury things new and old, adapted to the exigencies of its position and age. We shall, however, have occasion to revert to this important subject in the close of our paper.

In connection with Neander's views on this point may be considered his views on inspiration. Along with the whole school to which he generally belonged, he rejected the idea of a mechanical, literal inspiration of Scripture. He did not hesitate to say, indeed, that he regarded it as "one of the greatest boons which the purifying process of Protestant theology in Germany has conferred upon faith as well as science," that this view, once so common, had been so generally abandoned. The merits of this opinion we are not now called upon to discuss. We would only remark of the general question what we believe will at once be admitted by all who have really thought upon it, that it is one which must be far more thoroughly discussed before it can be considered settled. We have no hesitation, however, in expressing our conviction that Neander has frequently allowed himself to be influenced by his opinion, in this respect, in too free and bold manner in his exegesis of the sacred record. He frequently appears to us to overstep the limits of any valid theory of inspiration; and in some of his critical views, as we have already hinted, to forget the claims of that submissive, "child-like faith," of which he was in a general respect, as we have seen, the earnest advocate. But, if he has thus at times erred under the strong sway of

* See especially some of his letters.

the critical spirit of his country, it must, at the same time, we think, be granted that his dynamical view of inspiration has guided him to some important and fruitful results. It has enabled him to penetrate, more thoroughly and peculiarly, perhaps, than any before him, into the several individualities of the sacred writers. We know of none who had previously apprehended so fully or unfolded so finely the characteristic modes in which the four great representative apostles have exhibited the truth—the different aspects of it, which each has more specially set forth, and its richness and depth, as revealed in this very variety of its forms of conception and representation.* If even here we may be able to trace, at times, a too strongly expressed permanence of the supposed human element, a too limited view of the respective peculiarities, (as, for example, in much that he says of St. James,) it must still be owned, we think, that Neander has, in this respect, opened up a vein of Christian science of the deepest interest and importance. How early he had seized this idea of "unity in variety," which he has made, as it were, the basis of his exposition of the apostolic doctrine, we have already seen in his letters to Chemisso. It is one of the most favorite of all his ideas, and ever reäppears in the course of his writings. Both in reference to Christian science and life, he believed it to be of the utmost importance to admit their free and ever-varying development from a common centre. In the manifold all adapting forms in which they thus express themselves, he recognized one of the strongest proofs of the Divine power from which they spring, so full and expansive in its native energy—ever rising so copiously from its sacred fount as to fill every manner of earthen vessel prepared for its reception.

We will now glance at Neander's more especial views of the two great doctrines of sin and redemption, to whose general exposition in the Augsburg Confession we have already seen that he adheres. These may be considered the *experimenta crucies* of any doctrinal system: and, in reference to both, we think, Neander will be found to have attained more purely scriptural notions than many of that scientific school of theologians with which he is yet generally to be classed. He had certainly in this respect advanced far beyond his great teacher. An essentially defective view of sin, as is known, lay at the root of Schleiermacher's theological system, and may be said to have given its whole complexion to it. In his idea sin is only the natural disorder of the human consciousness, the internal opposition between sense and spirit in man, through which, as a necessary transition-point in his development, he can alone be conducted to the freedom of a divine life in Christ. He did not recognize, properly speaking, any fall from a previous state of sinlessness. Sin did not begin with Adam through an act of his own free-will, but only occurred in him, as it does in others, through the necessary conflict of the higher and lower, the spiritual and sensuous elements of his nature. It is, in short, just the result of the natural antagonism experienced by St. Paul. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit; and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other." The inadequacy of this view has been generally recognized by Schleiermacher's followers. It has given way, as was to be expected, to a more fundamental and thorough conception, in which sin is perceived to be something quite beyond and anterior to all such actual experience of its operation—a mysterious germ of evil, introduced once for all into humanity. But while so far more deeply apprehending the truth, there are still many of this class of theologians* who cannot be said to acknowledge clearly the full, positive conception of sin as not only *evil* but *guilt*—as not only alien to, but condemned by, God. Neander has, we think, fully seized this truly scriptural view of it. He distinctly repels, indeed, all rationalizing as to its origin. He holds that, from its very nature, as an act of the free-will, its origin must be logically incomprehensible. "It can only," he says, "be understood as a fact—a fact possible by virtue of the freedom belonging to a created being—but not to be otherwise deduced or explained. It lies in the idea of evil, that it is an utterly inexplicable thing; and who ever could explain it, nullifies the very idea of it. It is not the limits of our knowledge which make the origin of sin something thus inexplicable *to us;* but it follows from the essential nature of sin as an act of the free-will." Thus decisively ignoring all explanation of the *mode of its origin*, he yet strongly holds by the doctrine of original sin. The irreversible ground of this doctrine he considers to be the essential unity of the human race; according to which, sin, having once entered into the world, necessarily propagates itself with the growth of the race from its original point of commencement. Nor is it any mere process of subjective corruption, which, having once begun, is thus inevitably continued according to that law of human development without which, as he says, there could be no history. It is essentially something more, viz., a condition of objective guilt and condemnation. The necessary reäction of the holiness of God against sin, implying punishment as its desert, is fully admitted by him, though not perhaps with uniform clearness. "Without this idea of punishment," he significantly says, "the reality of evil and the dignity of rational creatures cannot be acknowledged. It belongs to the privilege of rational beings, created in the likeness of God, and dis-

* This subject has since been expressly treated by Mr. Stanley, (the biographer of Dr. Arnold,) in his Sermons on the "Apostolic Age;" a book which, if not in all things a safe guide, is rich in spiritual wisdom, and marked by a fine and rare talent.

* Of course, we only speak here, as throughout, *generally*, and taking Nitsch's "System of Christian Doctrine" to be, as it were, the text-book of this school in "Christian doctrine." Müller and Tholuck, (who, we suppose, must be also generally classed with this school,) and perhaps Twesten, have advanced as far as Neander—the two former, in some points, clearly further.

tinguishes them from other natural objects, that the idea of punishment "finds its application to them."

But while thus recognizing the important aspects of guilt and punishment in the general idea of sin, Neander did not admit any formal imputation of Adam's transgression. Such a view of the matter was, in fact, one quite foreign to his prevailing mode of apprehension, his mind ever rather repudiating than seeking the certainty of definite abstract notions on subjects essentially so mysterious. A theory like that of the judicial imputation of the guilt of our first parents to their posterity could bring no light to his mind. It was enough for him that he perceived in the true unity of the race, proceeding from Adam, the *practical* ground of the transmission of sin to his *race*. In Adam lay the germ of all humanity. And *thus*, in Adam all fell. And from the essential nature of the connexion thus subsisting between Adam and his posterity, and not in virtue of any supposed formal compact, by which he became the *federal* as well as *natural* representative of the human family, did Neander regard mankind as lying in sin and condemnation. The historico-practical ground was here, as generally, the favorite point from which he preferred contemplating Christianity in all its relations. His mind naturally rested satisfied on this ground, and found no further satisfaction, but rather only perplexity, in the more precise logical explanations of more elaborated systems of theology.

It was also a most important point in Neander's doctrine of sin, which we could not well pass by, so careful and decided is his expression of it, whenever he speaks of human corruption—viz., that corrupt as man is, there is still latent in him the divine image in which he was created. This image is indeed obscured, but by no means destroyed. There is in man still, under all his degradation, a divine consciousness, an element of affinity with God, and needing only the quickening energy of the divine Spirit to draw it forth and give it victory over his evil propensities. And in this fact of a divine principle rooted in man, Neander recognized the appropriate and indispensable point of contact between human nature and Christianity, whereby the latter, apprehending it, is alone enabled to educate and elevate it to a higher excellence even than that from which it has fallen.

If we now pass to Neander's view of the doctrine of redemption, we shall find a similar advance to that which we have noted in his view of the doctrine of sin. With Schleiermacher, redemption was, of course, made to correspond with his very limited notion of the correlative truth: and was accordingly conceived by him as rather only the communication of a new divine life to humanity, than a deliverance from sin and its penalty, once for all accomplished in man's behalf. Christ is, indeed, all in all in his system. Only through the fellowship of a living faith in him, is there any entrance into that higher spiritual existence wherein man becomes freed from the discord of his previous life. But, while making thus prominent the work of Christ, on one side—in its continually purifying relation to humanity, Schleiermacher altogether overlooked its peculiarly redeeming aspect as a *sacrifice for sin*, completed once for all in His death upon the Cross. The element of reconciliation was, in short, wholly wanting in his doctrine, and necessarily so—for failing, as he did, to see the guilt and hatefulness of sin in relation to a holy God, he could not recognize any necessity for an objective reconciliation between the sinner and God. In this, as in the previous case, Schleiermacher's followers have generally advanced beyond him; but with most of them the peculiar doctrine of redemption, as is so obviously true of Schleiermacher's view, merges too much into the dependent doctrine of regeneration. The work of Christ is too much viewed by them as merely the operation of his sanctifying grace in the heart—the impartation of that divine life, which, beginning with him, continues to flow from him to the human race, transfiguring and glorifying it forever. They speak, indeed, of *reconciliation*, in contrast to Schleiermacher, but it is rather only as a subjective process through which man is brought into new relations of disposition to God, than as an objective work of atonement by which Christ hath, once and forever, expiated the offence of sin, and so reünited the sinner and God. They consequently reject altogether the idea of *vicarious satisfaction*. There is, in fact, no proper basis for this idea in their system, which places the general attribute of divine justice quite behind that of love, and regards it as properly only an effect of the latter; thus completely expunging the notion of any *justitia retributiva* in the Divine nature. Nitsch, indeed, does not hesitate to say that "if justice and law cannot thus be viewed as the effect of love, then assuredly must they be considered as æonic and demiurgic, and inadequate to represent what is truly divine."

We do not mean to say that in contrast to such views as these, Neander is to be regarded as having entertained what are commonly considered orthodox views on the great doctrine of the atonement. On the contrary, he identifies himself, in some respects very closely, with the prevailing mode of representation employed by this school in speaking of the work of Christ. No idea is more favorite with him than that of the new creation of human nature, ever more proceeding from the God-man; and his language is often such, that it might be supposed this was all that he included in the idea of the Christian redemption. But it is impossible to weigh impartially together his statements in his exposition of the apostolic doctrine, without seeing that he recognized something more objective and definite in the work of Christ than this. If he did not give to the death of the Cross all its peculiar prominence—if he did not apprehend, with orthodox clearness, its special redemptive efficacy, he yet fully perceived that there was something real and valid in the conception of a

reconciling sacrifice for sin. He distinctly rejects the "views, in conformity to which, the life and sufferings of Christ are considered merely as a manifestation of God's love, and the reconciliation effected by Him as the subjective influence of this manifestation on the human heart, as by no means adequate to the import of the peculiar declarations respecting the work of Christ." On the contrary, he holds, that under the "*wrath of God*," though in an anthropopathical form, something objective and actual is signified, "something," he says, "not fully expressed by the idea of punishment, but inclusive of what is the ground of all punishment—the absolute contrariety existing between God as the Holy One and sin," and no less, that through the offering up of Christ's life for man, the barrier thus placed between the sinner and the Holy One is removed. "God has thus Himself removed that which separated between Him and man."

In such clearer and fuller tones does Neander speak of the doctrine of redemption; and if there be here, as elsewhere desiderated by some, a more definite completeness in his views, more of that straight logical decision so characteristic of our home theology, we must remember (not to speak of that predominating habit of mind to which we have already referred, which rather repelled than cherished the repose of strict logical proposition) the very different atmosphere which Neander breathed; the struggling period of his country's theology through which he lived, and silently nurtured his own convictions.

At the same time, we would not conceal, (for, above everything, we would not be guilty of straining the views of our author, so as to make them fit to any standard of orthodoxy, knowing well with what emphasis he would himself, in the pure, sensitive truthfulness of his nature, have repudiated such an endeavor,) we would not, therefore, conceal our opinion that there are elements in our current atonement-theology, or at least modes of presenting these elements, which could never have found sympathy with Neander. The strongly expressed prominence which some are in the habit of giving to the anthropopathical aspect of the divine nature, here brought so conspicuously into view, could never have commended itself to him. In such modes of representation, on the contrary, he only saw the characteristic exaggerations of an excessive "Blutt-theologie," such as Nitsch speaks of. In this very fact, however, there are many who will recognize his peculiar strength and excellence as a theologian—viz., that while apprehending so deeply the essential ideas involved in the doctrine of Christian redemption, he should, at the same time, have ever so aimed to preserve these ideas free from all gross, merely human, admixture. Many will here acknowledge a signal service done to the truth—a truly purifying process, which, in conformity with the higher views of an advanced science, must yet overtake much of our mere popular theology.

There are other points on which we could have wished to present the doctrinal views of Neander, but we have already more than exhausted our space on this part of our subject. It is the less necessary, however, as, in fact, Neander everywhere expresses his conviction that the essence of Christianity consists in the central truth of redemption on the one hand, and, on the other, in the pre-supposition of its need upon which it is founded—or the correlative truth of human corruption. Beyond these fundamental *facts* of the Gospel, and in regard to some of its more recondite mysteries, there may have been much that was wavering in his theology. He himself, as we have just seen, acknowledged this. With that noble and frank simplicity so characteristic of him, he confesses that his religious life had been all along "too much affected by the culture of his age, to allow him to compare himself for a moment with those men of child-like simplicity—those heroes whose divine confidence is exalted above all doubt." Most deeply did he himself feel that his doctrinal views bore the impress of his country's intellectual strifes, that their dint and scar, so to speak, were visible everywhere in his writings. Thus, he says, very touchingly in reference to his "Life of Jesus," that he was conscious it bore the marks of its production in an age of crises, of isolation, of fear, and of throes; but, truth before all things—he could not seem to be what he was not, and the work must therefore just remain what it was, "the mirror of the progress of his mind in an age of conflict." When he could not attain decision, therefore, he was content to say "perhaps," nor was he ashamed to do so, as he remarks, "unfashionable as that term has now-a-days become in matters of science." This willing hesitancy, or contented suspension of opinion, on much that lies beyond the sphere of what he termed the *immediate Christian consciousness*, was, in truth, as we have already more than once implied, one of the strongest characteristics of Neander's religious tendency, as it is of the whole scientific school of German theology. Logical dogmatism, of every kind, is its abhorrence; and there can be no doubt that Neander owned too much what we must consider to be its somewhat one-sided influence in this respect. With him, however, this voluntary ignorance on some points was evidently a cherished peculiarity; and, according to his latest convictions, a feature in his theology which, upon the whole, he thought highly worthy of being prized. For he has emphatically said, in the preface to the third edition of his "Leben Jesu," "my dogmatic system may, and indeed must, appear hesitating and unsatisfactory" to those *who have learned to count the Socratic ignorance for folly, and who have settled beforehand the highest questions;* "questions," he adds, "for whose sure and clear solution, the great Melancthon, as he expressed shortly before his death, was content to wait to the intuition of a higher life, among whose beatitudes he reckoned such satisfying knowledge."

We must now turn to a brief review of Nean-

der's labors in that department of theological science in which he was above all distinguished, and in which, above all, his name is destined to be perpetuated. We have seen how early, and with what a peculiar freshness and zeal, he gave himself to researches into the history of the church. As, still earlier, his days and nights had been given to Plato, so in the yet spring energy of his powerful faculties, his days and nights were given to the great fathers of the church, St. Clement, St. Origen, St. Chrysostom, and St. Bernard. And there can be no doubt, that as he felt a special call to this peculiar department of study, so he saw that in it there was special need for reviving and healthful labor. Many laborers in his own country had indeed preceded him in this field; for Germany has, above all, been the land of ecclesiastical historiography, dating from the Magdeburg Centuriators downwards. The general revival of theology at the Reformation necessarily called forth researches into the early Christian history, in order that the resuscitated truth preached by Luther might be identified with the truth taught by the early fathers; and Flacius and his friends, in their immensely laborious and voluminous undertaking, earned well of the Protestant church in this direction; and, deficient as their work inevitably was in scientific arrangement and digested narrative, it must ever remain a noble monument of painstaking zeal, and a valuable repository for future historians. Mosheim, after an interval of nearly two centuries, may be said to have originated church history as a distinct and genuine part of theological science in modern times; and, immediately following him, the extended labors of Shröckh, and Walch, and Planck, connect his period with that of Neander. Of the works of the two former of these, who, especially the first, were direct disciples of Mosheim, we know almost nothing. Valuable, we understand, from the copious store of information which they contain, and manifesting in many respects a most laudable industry of research, we have yet the best proof of their deficiency in other important qualities, in the fact of Mosheim's work having ever maintained its preëminence over them. As to the more recent labors of Planck, which, as we have seen, were not without a stimulating influence on Neander, they relate chiefly to separate periods and distinct sections of church history—as, for example, his most important work on the "Origin, Changes and Formation of our Protestant Theology from the Commencement of the Reformation to the Introduction of the Formula of Concord," with its continuation to the middle of the eighteenth century; and marked, as these and all Planck's works are, by a truly scientific spirit and noble tolerance, yet they cannot be reckoned—limited as they thus are—to have constituted any marked advance in this branch of theological study.

Mosheim's work, therefore, may be truly said to have formed the highest point to which Christian science had attained in this direction before the time of Neander,* and to his fresh, original view of Christian history there must have appeared many imperfections in such a work as Mosheim's. He could not fail, indeed, to do justice to its characteristic excellences in that fine spirit of appreciation which ever marked his review of the theological products of a past age; but no less could he fail, as none can, who have attained a right and adequate conception of church history, to find it in important respects quite deficient. If its arrangement be clear and readily intelligible, presenting numerous marked points for facile reference—the advantage, we believe, above all, which has so long given it, and still to some extent enables it to maintain, its preëminent position as a text-book—if its impartiality be upon the whole conspicuous and its learning be truly original and extensive, and, at the same time, thoroughly under mastery, and subordinated to the fitting purpose of elucidating the narration, instead of merely cumbering it with ponderous citations, still it cannot be denied that it is almost wholly wanting in other qualities no less essential. If so precise and definite in its proportions, so direct in outline, so clear and accessible in its materials, it yet to a great extent only possesses these advantages because its general structure is so artificial and self-disposed. The field of church history is distinctly enough marked out by Mosheim, but his lines are often quite arbitrary, separating points which should have been together, and confounding others which ought to have been more definitely indicated, especially the former—as, for example, in his treatment under different chapters of the *prosperous* and *adverse* circumstances of the church, and again of its doctrines and heresies; thus, it may be, giving prominency to details, but at the same time destroying all true historic connexion and essential union. His work has, in fact, altogether too much of the character of those of the mere annalists who preceded him—forming rather only an aggregate of materials, though consistently laid together, than a unique and harmonious composition fused by a living spirit and speaking a living lesson. In this latter respect—in the marked want of a pervading Christian interest—the history of Mosheim, if far more perfect in other respects, must still ever be found essentially imperfect. The true character of the church as a living witness to the divine power of Christianity, even in the darkest phase of its career, is by no means to be traced in it. The path of divine light, which was never entirely obscured, but may still be seen gleaming, though in faint and blurred reflection, along the whole course even of the dark ages, ever and anon disappears in total darkness in his pages.

It was the very strong sense of this deficiency in the work of Mosheim which led, as we know,

* We have omitted mention of the labors of Henke and Spittler on the anti-Christian or ultra-rationalizing side, and Count Stolberg on the catholic side, in the field of church history, not merely because we only know of the *fact* of their labors, and of the very different spirit animating them, but chiefly because we believe that the highest opinion which may be formed of them will not affect the statement in the text.

the elder Milner to engage in his history. If Mosheim, however, be so deficient in a pervading Christian interest, Milner may be said to have sacrificed every other quality, and even often the cause of truth itself, to an exaggerated estimate of this interest. With every admiration, therefore, of the pious industry and zeal of this writer and his brother, and fully appreciating the lively and attractive manner in which they have presented some points of the Christian history, and the glowing and animating portraits even they have sometimes drawn of its illustrious heroes, we cannot admit their work to be, in any adequate sense, a "History of the Church," based, as it is in fact confessedly, on a principle which excludes such a supposition, and deficient as it is generally in all scientific spirit, and especially, as we must hold, in that impartiality of sentiment and liberal comprehensiveness of view, without which, even with the most sincere intentions, historical representation becomes falsified and distorted.

The field of church history, therefore, as it had been hitherto only cultivated, must have appeared to Neander to be peculiarly open to improving and fruitful application. And here, in the general spirit of his theological tendency, the union of science with piety suggested itself to him as the great task to be accomplished, as in other departments of theology. Most heartily he felt, as the good Milner had done, though with a very different grasp of comprehension, that there could be no such thing truly as church history apart from a leading reference to the spirit and kingdom of God, of which the church was in all its relations but the earthly symbol and representative. Otherwise its history he perceived, with Herder, could be nothing more than the "huge body of Polyphemus from which the eye is thrust out." It was the fundamental conception, therefore, of his great work, that the church, through all its career, is to be viewed as the living embodiment of the divinity of the Gospel. To exhibit it as such—in his own words, "as a living witness of the divine power of Christianity; as a school of Christian experience; a voice sounding through the ages, of instruction, of doctrine, and of reproof for all who are disposed to listen"—this he confessed to have been from the earliest period the great aim of his life and studies. But while thus clearly apprehending the essential nature of his task on this side, he no less fully felt its claims on the other—in relation to science; and its peculiar difficulty he saw just to consist in the combination of the two—in the execution of it so as to answer at once "the demands of science and the great practical want" indicated above. "For both of them," he said, "are in the present case closely connected;" adding immediately the emphatic declaration in behalf of a genuine science which we have already quoted.

How worthily Neander has fulfilled, so far, in his "General Church History," the great task which he thus set before himself, it is by no means easy, in so many words, to tell the reader. Corresponding with the magnitude of the undertaking are the combination of qualities which it presents, and the various lights in which it might be exhibited. How far he has advanced beyond the labors of his predecessors, will be at once felt by those who have given his history their thoughtful perusal—for such a perusal alone will it repay. How different a picture the church presents in his pages to those of Mosheim; how animate and shaping a creation it appears in humanity—gradually transforming it with a new sanctifying energy; refining only into a higher beauty and strength under the raging fires of persecution; then gradually obscuring, and losing its divine comeliness in the days of worldly prosperity and exaltation; again reäppearing, although in a much corrupted form, as an element of life and peaceful power amid the darkening ferment and savage discords which ushered in a new European world—how, through all its sharpest oppositions, and even very corruptions, which present in Mosheim only so miserably saddening an aspect, some shade of the truth is still seen elicited, or some side of good still found—these are the most obvious points of advantage which must strike at first every student, and make him feel what a different historical intuition and nobler talent has been employed in the work of Neander. And if thus superior to all previous church histories, it is, though perhaps surpassed by them in some special qualities, no less eminently apart from all contemporary efforts in his own country or in our own. If Gieseler manifest equal learning, and, as some think, a more clear and comprehensive classification of facts; if Hase, amid all his enigmatical brevity, displays sometimes more force and originality of conception and greater liveliness of narrative, the fact that the works of these authors are still at the best only compendiums of the history of the church—handbooks for the use of the student, rather than histories in the right sense of the term—leaves no proper point of comparison between them and the work of Neander. And as for the popular work of Guerike—if animated by a truly religious spirit, and breathing a lively interest in the fortunes of the church, which it exhibits in a rapidly distinct and impressive manner, it is yet disfigured by the most marked partialities and old Lutheran prejudices, and in these respects, therefore, as well as in mere compass and general scientific pretensions, can lay no claim to be ranked by the side of that of Neander. And if we look homewards, we have, indeed, the able and judicious summary of Waddington among the volumes of the "Library of Useful Knowledge;" the history of the first three centuries by Milman, in some respects a truly splendid production, exhibiting still more, perhaps, than even his History of the Jews, the stores of a rich and varied culture, a copious felicity of diction, and a most benign and widely-embracing tolerance; but, alas, signally deficient in other indispensable qualities, and at best only a commencement; and we have, lastly, the mere fragment of a commencement by Welch, which is not, in our

estimation, as we humbly think with deference to many whose judgment is entitled to respect, of such a stamp as to leave any special regret that it is no more than a fragment.

The church history of Neander must, therefore, for the present, rank quite alone in the assemblage of fitting qualities which it presents, and in the extent of its conception and execution; in its union of vast learning and profound philosophic penetration; its varied comprehensiveness and abundant store of materials; its insight into the living connexion of historic events, but especially into the still more living and subtle nexus which binds together the growth and development of human opinion; in its union of these rarer qualities with the most simple-hearted Christian piety, the most lively, appreciative interest in the ever-varying fortunes of the Church—the finest, rarest discernment of all the manifold phases of the Christian life—the most genuine liberality, and the most catholic sympathy.

So variously noble are the qualifications which must thus unite in a church historian, with others still in which, as we shall immediately show, Neander must be judged deficient, that we almost despair of seeing them combined, even so far, in any other. We may have the well-meaning piety on the one hand, and the power of intellect on the other; but to see an intellect at once of the noblest temper and the largest range, all humbled and laid low at the foot of the cross as Neander's was; all-imbued by a Christian spirit, and therefore thoroughly candid and just and loving towards the most various tendencies of religious opinion and practice; and, moreover, to see a mind like this give itself to the most persevering and consuming industry, to days of unwearying thought, and nights of ceaseless research—all unconscious the while of aught but of doing its appointed work in the service of God—this is a sight, we fear, the Church will not very soon behold again—a blessing she cannot expect at every turn of her course; and still less, therefore, may we hope soon to see one possessing, besides these, other qualities of great importance, which Neander cannot be said to have had—such as a compact and vivid style, combining an easy expressiveness with dignity and force—a lively and graphic skill of narration—of what the French significantly express by the term *conter*—generally a thoroughly graceful and harmonious power of composition. In such artistic respects, in all, in short, which imparts that nameless finish, that sculptural form, so imperishable in its pure beauty, which we are accustomed to denominate by the term "classical," Neander's work, like so many German works, must be pronounced greatly deficient. His style is in his history, as in all his writings, a thoroughly teutonic style, laboring in many involved turns and parenthetical gasps after the full expression of his teeming thoughts. There is no lightness in its step, no music in its march, even in the mere ordinary narrative, although to one more intent upon the thought than the form, there is often a ripe, rich phrase, conveying a whole world of meaning into the mind, which has been for some time only dimly struggling through the page, while there is also sometimes in his descriptions a quaint gothic picturesqueness, which is to us, we own, wonderfully charming. We would not conceal, however, that his style is characteristically one which must to some extent repel the mere English student, whose tastes have been formed on the old classic models; and that it requires some patience and love to tolerate it, still more to find it agreeable. The most general fault of Neander's history, in addition to this mere matter of style, is one yet somewhat connected with it—viz., its pervading subjectivity. The whole course of the Church, both in its doctrinal and practical development, is represented by him too much in the light of his own transforming conception of it—principles and traits of character are exhibited too little in a concrete form. There is, in short, too little of outward form and symmetry in his narrative. Some have complained, too, of his want of striking individual portraiture—a feature in history to which we are now so much accustomed; but while this is certainly not a very marked characteristic of his work, it is impossible, we think, to read his portraits of the British and German Missionaries, in the fifth volume, without acknowledging that it is by no means deficient in impressive, and sometimes even glowing, pictures of individual activity and zeal. Tholuck has instanced what must also to some extent be considered an imperfection in Neander's history—viz., the inadequate manner in which it connects itself with the whole course of human history—the progress and improvement of general society in its different stages. The Church is seen in it too much merely in its exclusive development; the parallel and related influences of ordinary civilization, common civil and political usages, and the mere succession of worldly dynasties are too little revealed. But, with whatever imperfection an impartial criticism must thus find in it, it remains, as we have said, quite single in its collective exhibition of great qualities, and a wide and unequalled influence awaits it, we are assured, for many generations in the Church of Christ.

We could have wished to bring this great work in some more minute form before our readers; but we have already so far exhausted our space, that we cannot dwell on its more special features. We will, therefore, bring our remarks to a close by adverting for a very little to what, as to some extent already indicated, we deem its crowning excellence, and the peculiar service which it has rendered and continues to render to the Church in Germany, and which we doubt not it is destined no less to render to the Church in our own country: we mean the singularly successful manner in which it has exhibited, consistently with its original aim, the Christian Church as *the one great living element of progress in humanity*, "a voice of instruction," and divine power of education, for all ages. To accomplish this noble task consistently with the demands of science, as it was,

we have seen, among the earliest, continued to be the dearest ambition of Neander's life, and very powerfully and completely, upon the whole, has he accomplished it, to the perpetual refutation of all philosophic sciolism on the one side or the other.

Of the "progress of humanity" there is much talk now-a-days that would lead us to suppose we must abandon altogether the "old paths" in which we have hitherto found "rest for our souls." We must leave and demolish the ancient temple, the dwelling place of so many generations, and out of its ruins build up a new one suited to the times. The native powers of the human mind are said to be quite adequate to such a work. Having, in a previous comparatively dark age, given birth to Christianity, now that they have naturally outgrown it, they are winging themselves for a yet higher flight into the region of spiritual truth. Such views, it is known, have long been prevalent in Germany, and have been even there specially put forth as the only philosophic principles on which church history, as all history, can be written. The whole course of human development, it is maintained, is alike, the history of the church, the growth of the divine faculties inherent in man, which have been ever self-evolving themselves from the beginning of time until now, just in some such way as *may* be conceived expressed in the fine lines of Tennyson, when he says—

> ——That through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.

All diverse religions are just thus, in some sort, the product of the "structural" operation of the same spiritual powers in man, ever necessarily seeking expression in new and more adequate theologies—in ever-advancing forms of faith.

Now, in opposition preëminently to views such as these is the great and ever-speaking lesson of Neander's history. Its greatest merit, we conceive—and it is the merit, more or less, of all his labors—is the effectual refutation which it furnishes of all such pseudo-philosophy. In his pages we perceive, on the contrary, in the clearest, most indubitable manner, how *essentially* Christianity is exalted, both in its origin and perpetuity, above all the natural powers of the human mind, and the ordinary forms of human culture. While uniting itself in the most intimate, concrete mode with human science, in its various products, it is yet something far above it—not a philosophy reached in the necessary course of human progress, but a higher wisdom and life, once for all imparted to humanity in Christ Jesus, and evermore revealed in Him. While at its origin completely coinciding with, and, in fact, appropriating to itself the ordinary development of nature and reason in history, it was yet something which sprung out of a superior source than either—"a new power, not born in the hidden depths of man's being, but communicated from above, because Heaven opened itself for the rescue of revolted humanity;—a power which, as it is exalted above all that human nature can create out of its own resources, must impart to that nature a new creation, and change it from its inmost nature."

This conclusion, with which Neander sets out in his history, it is impossible we think not to own that he has completely substantiated, in his review of the different existent religions and philosophies in his introduction. There has, indeed, ever seemed to us a rare and most felicitous power of insight displayed in this preliminary review—in the manner in which the relation of Christianity, in its peculiar essence, is everywhere recognized to previous modes of thought and faith: in the way in which he exhibits it connecting itself with these—as well with the sporadic rays of a glimmering Divine life in Heathenism, as with the more definitely revealed light of Judaism, and at the same time as infinitely exalted above them, not merely supplementing them, but transforming them with a new heavenly energy. In all the commingling elements of Jewish and Hellenic culture then fermenting in the minds of men, it everywhere found points of attachment; for thus in the wisdom of God was the "fulness of time" prepared for its introduction; but in no possible combination of these elements was there the capability of originating it. There was no magic of eclecticism which, from the mere conflict and dissolution of the old decaying systems, could have educed such a living force as Christianity. It is impossible for any one to doubt this whose historical intuition is not wholly blinded by a preconceived philosophy. And the most happily satisfactory manner in which Neander has shown this—not by any attempted argument, indeed—but by the simple exhibition of the true state of things at the time, we reckon one of his highest merits.

And equally throughout the whole course of his work has he apprehended with a peculiar satisfactoriness the distinguishing essence of Christianity in relation to the ever-revolving course of human speculation. While everywhere clearly recognizing the necessary inter-action of the purely Christian with the general mental consciousness of the age, he at the same time everywhere shows the essential independence and superëminence of Christianity over all modes of mere human science. It remains forever the same divine wisdom and life as at the beginning; and no "progress of the intellect," however it may mould anew some of its conceptions, can ever affect it in its essence. In Christ, and in Him alone, there is revealed, once for all, the sum of that *truth* which man needs to educate him to the highest pitch of his moral nature, to which he has only evermore, with every advancing stage of his history, to rise in fuller love and self-appropriation, and the full measure of which he will scarcely be able to reach with the furthest point of his advancement. This ever young and ever adapting power of Christianity to all the emergencies of

human history, as of individual life, whereby it appropriates such crises, and by their very means leads itself on to new victory, just when they seemed to threaten its destruction—this was one of the most profoundly and dearly cherished convictions of Neander, in the light of which he lived, and whose bright hopefulness beams through all his works. This was the "progress of the Church,"—the continued process of its development, of which he everywhere speaks so much, and upon the broad, pregnant recognition of which his history is based. He could conceive of no progress which should yet leave Christianity behind; of no "Church of the future" which should pass beyond the "truth as it is in Jesus." As with him Christ is so clearly and solely the Alpha of the Church, so is He no less its Omega, and every progression of the human race he conceived to be still only a retrogression to the God-man—the Eternal Wisdom revealed in humanity. The *new* must thus ever return into the *old;* and the ball of human progress, thrown backwards and forwards, must still cling fast to Him; for from this point of attachment alone can the divine education of the race draw those living and healthful influences which, amid all its oscillations, shall still bear it onwards to a higher goal.

Such is the one pervading truth in the light of which Neander's history shines, and in the light of which, as we have already said, he moreover lived and labored. And this latter fact it was, let us now say in conclusion, which gave in Germany, and must continue to give everywhere, such a peculiar influence to all his teaching. It was felt and seen on all hands, and it will no less be known hereafter, that the man who spoke so much of the divine might and enduring influence of Christianity, was one who in his daily life, and in the whole circle of his labors, verified in the most signal manner the truth of what he taught. His whole being was seen to be completely moved and governed by that divine power which he proclaimed. Even the opponents of his views—those who could not admit his lessons—have yet seen and acknowledged this. "It would be difficult to find," one of them has written, with an admirable frankness, "among the prominent characters of our time, any one whose outward life is so fully the mirror of the divine principle surrounding it; so fully conformed thereto in all its relations, as Neander's is. What he is, he is entirely. There is in him no ostentation, no catching after false glitter and effect; no trace of the hypocrisy; so wide-spread among us. Christianity is with him no mere family heirloom, no mere external habit; but the inmost, freest fact of his life; its unceasing end and aim." One so thoroughly and graciously penetrated with the truths he taught, could not fail to exercise a wide impression, and to draw, as he did, many fine youthful minds under his happy sway. So true and lovely a character, united to so noble and exalted an intellect, could not fail of a rich harvest of influence: a harvest which long since begun to ripen in Germany, is yet by no means limited to the Protestantism of the Fatherland, but may be seen, to some extent, in almost every church and every Christian land. And could we venture to look into the future, we believe the name of *Neander* would be found a name of power, when perhaps some even more powerful in these days have perished; because then, as now, it will be a name not only drawing the *homage*, but alluring the *love* of man.

From the Spectator.

THE URBAN DEVASTATOR.

Mr. Burke depicts in glowing tropes those times of despotic rule when the royal jackals, armed with the powers of prerogative, issued from the Gothic portcullis to levy on subjacent domains contributions in kind, and returned from their marauding excursions loaded with the spoils of a hundred markets for the replenishment of the monarch's table. In lieu of these mediæval forays, a round sum in quarterly payments has long been substituted, which ministers more smoothly to kingly state and the carnal wants of the sovereign. But as evils can be rarely more than compromised, the ravages of purveyance have been succeeded by an aphis consumer hardly less devastating of the suburban ruralities. Whoever has occasion to plunge deep into the bowels of the land, with the aim of minute inspection in an engineering or geodæsical survey, or from mere curiosity to trace the remains of a Roman encampment, rummage a Celtic barrow, or investigate the changes wrought by late ferruginous diversions in the old itineraries and road-side hostelries, will be amazed to find how bare it is of everything that in civilized guise can minister to human sustenance. For proof of this general exhaustion his wants need not be large; he may be only travelling in pilgrim or equestrian fashion, jogging leisurely from town to town or hamlet to hamlet; luxuriating in the green lanes, and eying the quiet nooks and ivy-laced spires of the villages; but if he trusts to the chances of the road for subsistence, it is seldom he can be sure of the most commonplace repast—say a glass of bright Boniface, with eggs and bacon, or, as Lord Chancellor Eldon preferred, "beans and bacon."

This woful want is not limited to any particular locality; it seems general throughout the realm. Miss Martineau, who appears at present intently occupied in dairy-farming in the North, testifies to the resourceless condition of that portion of the kingdom, and to the great difficulty she finds in mustering for her friends a tolerable spread of the everyday consumables of meat, cream, and butter. In the rural parts of the metropolitan or home counties, every one knows, who has made the experiment, that there is a corresponding lack of substantive supplies in the small towns, villages, and farm-houses; and that the chance of meeting for love or money with a quarter of lamb, piece of pork, chicken, or fowl of any sort, or even a basin of unskimmed milk or unappropriated egg, is most precarious. The cottages of the peasantry, as may be expected, are in a still more denuded state; into these rarely do the common aliments of the town inhabitancy—beer, butcher's meat, butter, tea, coffee, sugar—find admission. At least this impoverishment may be vouched for in respect of the counties abutting on the Thames; in the dwellings of the laborers of Essex or Kent, for instance, even those of the more provident class, will seldom be found any provisions,

beyond potatoes and meal; of which last is made the eternal compost they call "pudding," but which, without eggs or other needful element, is no more pudding than flour and water can make it.

At first sight this may appear a somewhat incredible representation; it may appear extraordinary that in a country reputedly so opulent such a condition of general destitution may be found, that if an invading host were to try the experiment of a descent on the Kentish or Sussex coast, it is doubtful, unless it came well provided with the munitions of subsistence as well as of war, whether it would not be compelled by famine, if no other mischance befell it, to surrender at discretion long before it reached the metropolis. Still the land is notoriously not barren; it yields abundantly; but the places of production are not, except sparingly, the places of consumption. The plain fact is that the country is *eaten up by the towns*. The great wen of London, with the lesser wens of Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds, do for miles distant consume all around them, leaving the outlying districts more bare and cleared out than in old times by the ruthless purveyors of the Henries and Edwards. Into these consuming emporia flows all that can be collected from the field, hen-roost, dovecote, or dairy; by which rent or productive capital may certainly be realized, but allowing only slender commons for those living beyond the smoke. Hence the complaint, that people who reside in the country, with a competence of 400*l.* or 500*l.* a year, find a difficulty in supplying their tables; all that is choice, and even ordinary articles, being sweepingly *railed* off or carted to the capital and the manufacturing nuclei. As a consequence, the inducements to rural life are lessened, though the facilities for locomotion have increased; for people must follow the meat wherever it is.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

The Iser and the Inn, as they flow from the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly in parallel lines, and nearly forty miles apart. As they approach the river, the space between them becomes one elevated plain, covered chiefly with a sombre, dark, pine forest—crossed by two roads only—while the mere country paths, that wind through it here and there, give no space to marching columns. Moreau had advanced across this forest to the Inn, where, on the 1st of December, he was attacked and forced to retrace his steps, and take up his position on the further side, at the village of Hohenlinden. Here, where one of the great roads debouched from the woods, he placed Ney and Grouchy.

The Austrians, in four massive columns, plunged into the gloomy wilderness, designing to meet in the open plain of Hohenlinden the central column marching along the high road, while those on either side made their way through amid the trees, as they best could.

It was a stormy December morning, when these seventy thousand men were swallowed from sight in the dark defiles of Hohenlinden. The day before it had rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassable; but now a furious snow-storm darkened the heavens, and covered the ground with one white unbroken surface. The by-paths were blotted out, and the sighing pines overhead drooped with their snowy burdens above the ranks, or shook them down on the heads of the soldiers, as the artillery wheels smote against their trunks It was a strange spectacle, those long, dark columns, out of sight of each other, stretching through the dreary forests by themselves; while the falling snow, sifting over the ranks, made the unmarked way still more solitary. The soft and yielding mass broke the tread of the advancing hosts, while the artillery, and ammunition and baggage wagons, gave forth a muffled sound, that seemed prophetic of some mournful catastrophe. The centre column alone had a hundred cannon in its train, while behind them were five hundred wagons—the whole closed up by the slow moving cavalry.

Thus marching, it came at about 9 o'clock upon Hohenlinden, and attempted to debouch into the plain; when Grouchy fell upon it with such fury that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes and its gloomy recesses illuminated with the blaze of artillery. Grouchy, Grandjean, and Ney, put forth incredible efforts to keep this immense force from deploying into the open field. The two former struggled with the energy of desperation to hold their ground; and although the soldiers could not see the enemy's lines, the storm was so thick, yet they aimed at the flashes that issued from the woods, and thus the two armies fought. The pine trees were cut in two, like reeds, by the artillery, and fell with a crash on the Austrian columns, while the fresh fallen snow turned red with flowing blood. In the mean time, Richenpanse, who had been sent by a circuitous route with a single division to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two, and irretrievably separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave general continued to advance, and with only three hundred men fell boldly on forty thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest, and the alarm it spread amid the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney and Grouchy to charge full on the Austrian centre. Checked, then overthrown, that broken column was rolled back in disorder, and utterly routed. Campbell, the poet, stood in a tower and gazed on this terrible scene, and in the midst of the fight composed in part that stirring ode which is known as far as the English language is spoken.

The depths of the forest swallowed the struggling hosts from sight, but still there issued forth from its bosom shouts and yells mingled with the thunder of cannon, and all the confused noise of battle. The Austrians were utterly routed, and the frightened cavalry went plunging through the crowd of fugitives into the woods—the artillery men cut their traces and, leaving their guns behind, mounted their horses and galloped away—and that magnificent column, as if sent by some violent explosion, was hurled in shattered fragments on every side. For miles the white ground was sprinkled with dead bodies, and when the battle left the forest, and the pine trees stood calm and silent in the wintry night, piercing cries and groans issued out of the gloom in every direction—sufferer answering sufferer as he lay and writhed on the cold snow. Twenty thousand men were scattered there amid the trees, while broken carriages and wagons and deserted guns, spread a perfect wreck around.—*J. T. Headley.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE LIFE AND MAXIMS OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE Maxims of La Rochefoucauld have been long regarded as the most famous collection of malicious truths, of pointed, searching, and sarcastic sayings, with which the world has been favored. Highly characteristic of the man, the nation, and the period, they will always possess a peculiar interest, from the view which they present of human motives and dispositions, and the worldly philosophy which they inculcate. Those who adopt a low estimate of human nature, and who make it a rule to believe the worst of every one, delight to range themselves under the standard of La Rochefoucauld. Men of the world, or rather worldly-minded men of the meaner sort, have at all times referred to his maxims as the perfection of wisdom; and they do, in fact, display (however much we may be disposed to quarrel with some of their leading principles) a vast amount of shrewd common sense, real intelligence, and subtle insight into the ordinary springs of human action.

It is interesting to observe how much the spirit of these maxims has been adopted by subsequent writers of the same school; how often they have been appropriated—used and misused—by authors of a misanthropical or sceptical turn; and how many of them have passed into proverbs, and become stock sayings and recognized truisms. Our readers may not, perhaps, be displeased with a few examples of this; and the publication of a new translation, illustrated with some very entertaining notes, in which many curious coincidences in thought and expression are pointed out from other writers, affords us legitimate pretext for enlarging on the subject.*

It will be proper, however, to commence with a short biography of the author; for the events of his life give an additional interest to, as they unquestionably colored, the productions of his pen. We shall endeavor as much as possible to avoid unnecessary details, although, from the position which La Rochefoucauld occupied, and the part he had played, it will be requisite to refer repeatedly to the historical events of the period.

Francis, Prince of Marsillac, Baron de Verteuil, and Duke de la Rochefoucauld—for these were the titles he derived by descent from a distinguished race—was born on the 15th of December, 1613. The age in which it was his lot to live was well calculated to develop his singular talents, and was full of striking and stirring events, in which he was destined to be no inconsiderable actor. "His youth," observes a French writer, "was passed under the reign of Louis XIII. and Richelieu, his riper years under the regency of Anne of Austria, and his old age under the absolute sovereignty of Louis XIV. Each of these three epochs left its influence on his mind, and gave a different direction to his life. His education had been neglected, but he was one of those spirits who owe more to the world than to the schools, and whose minds are better formed by intercourse with mankind than by books."†

At the age of sixteen La Rochefoucauld commenced the career of arms in Italy. He was soon afterwards introduced at the French court, and received with due distinction as a cadet of one of the noblest families in France. Cardinal Richelieu was then in the height of his power. Louis XIII. nominally reigned, but the cardinal governed; though a sharp but unequal contest for supremacy was kept up between Anne of Austria, the queen regnant, and the subtle churchman. The elder La Rochefoucauld had attached himself to the party of Anne of Austria, but, on the banishment of the Duchess de Chevreuse, the queen's favorite, he fell into disgrace, and withdrew from court. The author of the "Maxims" was thus early initiated in political intrigues, and the lessons he learned when in opposition to Richelieu were not lost upon his after life.

On the death of the cardinal, in 1642, the Prince de Marsillac (as La Rochefoucauld was then called) made his reappearance at court, in the full expectation of finding a new order of things established, as soon as the powerful minister had ceased to breathe. But here he was disappointed; for to his great surprise he found the court as submissive to the will of the wonderful man who had presided for so many years over the destinies of his country, after his death as during his life. "His relations and dependants continued to enjoy all the advantages they had gained through him; and by a turn of fortune, of which there are few examples, the king, who hated him, and who had desired his fall, was obliged not only to conceal his sentiments, but even to authorize the disposition made by the cardinal in his will of the principal employments and most important places in the kingdom."* But the life of Louis XIII. hung upon a thread, and it was confidently whispered abroad, and most anxiously expected by disappointed courtiers, that important changes were at hand.

The king died, and Anne of Austria became regent during the minority of Louis XIV. All who had been excluded from favor by their attachment to the cause of the queen during her struggle with Richelieu, had now good cause to expect that their services would meet with acknowledgment and reward. But Mazarin (who had succeeded Richelieu, and who had adopted the policy, and followed, as closely as his narrower capacity permitted, in the footsteps of his predecessor) had artfully managed, before the king's demise, to ingratiate himself with the queen, and having gradually won her confidence, and induced her to appreciate his serviceable talents, his influence became paramount under the regency. Thus, to the surprise of all, and the disappointment of many, the aspect of the court remained unchanged. Every day the queen showed more indifference to the friends of her ill fortune, among whom was La Rochefoucauld, upon whose observant spirit this first lesson on the ingratitude of courts was not thrown away.

Very little appears to be known of the doings of La Rochefoucauld during the "good times of the regency." It is certain, however, that he was engaged in political intrigues, and was constantly plotting against the power of the regent. But the languid interest excited by the disputes of courtiers, and contests for royal favor, was soon to be superseded by the more alarming incidents of civil war. La Rochefoucauld had reached the prime of life, and was well known among the leading spirits of the age, when the corruption of manners, the extravagance of the court, and other concurring

* "Moral Reflections, Sentences, and Maxims, of Francis, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, newly translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes." London: Longman. 1850. 12mo.

† "Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde." Paris. 1842.

* Mémoires de la Régence d'Anne d'Autriche, par La Rochefoucauld.

circumstances, precipitated a struggle in which he was destined to take an active part, and which, from its many ludicrous as well as serious features, forms a curious and characteristic passage in French history.

The contest to which we allude is the war of the Fronde, the origin of which was the opposition offered to the court and to the policy of Mazarin by the Parliament of Paris. Through the lavish extravagance of royalty, the national finances were in a most disordered state, and the measures taken by the court to recruit an exhausted treasury had occasioned universal discontent. Supported by the Parisian populace, the parliament commenced an organized opposition to the demands of the queen and her minister. The party of the parliament was called the *Fronde*, and all who supported it *Frondeurs*. At first, there was little thought of fighting; but the court having arrested three popular members of their parliament, the inhabitants of Paris rose in revolt. Then came the day of the Barricades, and the court was compelled to yield. Barricades in the streets of Paris! The words have a familiar sound, and the reader can scarcely help reflecting, before he passes on, how often barricades have been erected and blood has been shed there, during the past half century!

Without entering minutely into the history of the intrigues of the period, it will be sufficient to state that the Frondeurs were not without distinguished partisans. The Prince of Conti, younger brother of the great Condé, and his sister, the Duchess de Longueville, had been gained over by the famous Cardinal de Retz, who regarded these intestine troubles as a fine field for his intrigues and ambition. La Rochefoucauld had long indulged a tender passion for the Duchess de Longueville, and it is not surprising, therefore, that he warmly espoused the cause of the Fronde, as soon as her adhesion to it was known. Indeed, according to his own account, he was principally instrumental in winning her over to the cause; for the duchess had a womanly abhorrence of politics, and it may be only tolerated them for the sake of her lover. It was one of the strange features of the period, that gallantry was mixed up with the gravest interests and most important pursuits: and we must not, therefore, be surprised that the Duchess de Longueville, who cared nothing for the parliament or the quarrel in which it was engaged, should have played a distinguished part in this memorable struggle. Giving La Rochefoucauld credit for possessing some influence with this capricious lady, remembering besides his ancient name and lineage —that he was a nobleman of uncommon parts, of distinguished courage, and well versed in state intrigues—it will be readily imagined that he was a most important and distinguished member of the Fronde.

The state of Paris, and the frequent recurrence of tumults and disorders, alarmed the regent, and she fled from Paris, with the young king. La Rochefoucauld and the Prince of Conti withdrew with the court; but their apparent desertion was only to serve their personal interests. At some risk, they soon afterwards succeeded in returning to the metropolis, and the Duchesses de Bouillon and Longueville successfully appealed to the populace in their favor. Condé had now blockaded the city; and a ludicrous sort of warfare ensued. The citizens turned out to encounter the royal troops, and then ran away in a most disgraceful manner. Fighting became a jest; the people of Paris were amused with songs and epigrams; and the most intolerable licentiousness prevailed. Upon one occasion La Rochefoucauld was commanding a detachment of soldiers who were escorting some provisions into the city. They were attacked, and, with the exception of their leader, instantly fled. La Rochefoucauld, however, maintained his ground for some time, till he had been severely wounded, and a horse killed under him.

At length peace was restored for a season; the court came back to Paris; a reconciliation took place between Condé and his brother, and La Rouchefoucauld, with the Duke and Duchess de Longueville, separated themselves from the Fronde. Open warfare was now succeeded by secret intrigue. By a piece of royal treachery, the Prince of Condé, his brother, and the Duke de Longueville, were arrested and imprisoned; and the presence of the Duchess de Longueville was immediately ordered at court. La Rochefoucauld dissuaded her from obeying the mandate; and shortly afterwards repaired with her to Normandy, where they endeavored to sow the seeds of civil war. The attempt was not successful, but the spirit of revolt spread, and La Rochefoucauld himself soon took the field with a considerable force. Hostilities were now recommenced upon a more extensive scale; but it would be tedious, as well as unprofitable, to recount all the incidents of a struggle in which it is difficult to discover what particular principle was involved, or what were the definite motives of the leading combatants. We refer to the history of the period for the details of a war, which, to quote a French writer, "would have been only ridiculous if the great names of Condé and Turenne had not figured in it; where consolation under defeat was found in an epigram, and love formed and destroyed cabals; where a marshal restored a town *à la belle des belles;* where men changed their party as women changed their lovers; a war, in fine, of which the great Condé said that its history could only be properly written in burlesque verses."*

To the most superficial observer it is obvious that the French nobility and gentry were, at this period, unprincipled and corrupt to the last degree. The war of the Fronde is a specimen of the reckless ambition and wicked frivolity which were their principal characteristics. A low and sordid selfishness was recognized as the mainspring of every action. A leader was followed, or a party espoused, as interest or the idlest passion prompted; to patriotism, or any heroic or exalted motive, there was no pretence. In this utter wreck of human virtue, we look round in vain for some character rising superior to circumstances, and affording to a degenerate age an example of moral purity and dignified demeanor. As for La Rochefoucauld, without ascribing to him any very exalted qualifications, we think he may be fairly regarded as a favorable specimen of his class; and, judged by its standard of excellence, a most distinguished gentleman. If he was vain, ambitious, selfish, and worldly-minded, it will be remembered that he possessed these qualities in common with all the leading spirits of his age; but it is also beyond question that his reputation for personal courage stood high, that his manners were frank and agreeable, and that his commanding intellect raised him immeasurably above the mass of beings who relied entirely on the prestige of name and lineage for the influence they enjoyed. The openness of demeanor for which

* Biographie Universelle.

he was distinguished procured for him the nickname of *Franchise*, by which it was insinuated that his frankness was assumed for the purpose of misleading others and throwing them off their guard. This imputation was not, perhaps, altogether unfounded, for, it may be borne in mind, that he has said in one of his Maxims, that, "The cleverest men affect all their lives to censure all artifice, in order that they may make use of it themselves on some great occasion, and for some great interest;" an idea which Lord Bacon has adopted and admirably illustrated in his Essay on Simulation and Dissimulation: "Certainly the cleverest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but, then, they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn, and, at such times, when they thought the case required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad of their good faith and clearness of dealing rendered them almost invisible." Whilst we protest against the morality of the axiom, we would draw attention to its subtle wisdom, which the genius of Bacon so fully appreciated and approved, and, at the same time, remark that it curiously illustrates the character of its author, and shows how nicely he calculated the effect of every part of his conduct.

La Rochefoucauld's passion for the Duchess de Longueville was, perhaps, the principal motive which induced him to take an active part in the war of the Fronde; though he was undoubtedly also actuated by a vague ambition for distinction, which, had he lived in other days, he might possibly have directed into a nobler channel. Dazzled by the rank and beauty of the duchess—qualifications which, when united in a woman at that period, rendered her all-powerful—he became her devoted admirer and slave, till her inconstancy broke the tie that united them. In the days of his warm attachment, he wrote under her portrait two lines from a then popular tragedy of Du Ryer, which he applied to his own case:—

Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois : je l'aurais faite aux dieux.

Towards the close of the war, whilst fighting by the side of Condé, in the suburbs of Paris, against the troops of Turenne, La Rochefoucauld was severely wounded in the eye by an arquebus, near the gate of St. Antoine, and was temporarily deprived of sight. Some time after, when smarting from the inconstancy of the duchess, he introduced this incident in a skilful parody on Du Ryer's lines:—

Pour ce cœur inconstant, qu'enfin je connais mieux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois ; j'en ai perdu les yeux.

At the close of her life, the Duchess de Longueville withdrew from the gay world, and became distinguished for her piety. To such severe discipline did she subject herself, that it is said her death was caused by a protracted fast.

Although under Condé the cause of the Fronde triumphed for a time, the military skill of Turenne and the gold of Mazarin were ultimately too powerful for it. Before La Rochefoucauld had recovered from his wound, his party experienced a reverse of popular favor; its leaders fell off, and others were only anxiously waiting to make terms for themselves. At length the royal authority was universally acknowledged, and faction was said to be crushed. The bourgeoisie rallied round the throne, and the influence of the nobility declined. La Rochefoucauld beheld the ascendancy of the kingly power, and endeavored to detach himself from his party, already deserted by most of its leaders. As a professed courtier, there was, however, no place for him at the court of Louis XIV., who had now assumed the functions of sovereignty; for all who had taken part in the rebellion of the Fronde were either suspected or in actual disgrace. His fortune had also severely suffered, and he had no longer the means of playing a distinguished part as a man of fashion. It is supposed that, at the conclusion of the war, he spent some time on his estate; but afterwards, being much embarrassed, he committed it to the management of his secretary, Gourville, and thenceforth lived in Paris, on a very moderate allowance;—the ornament of a small intellectual circle and entirely detached from political intrigue.

At this period of his life his dearest and most intimate friend was Madame de la Fayette, a literary lady of distinguished taste and talent, the pupil of Menage and Rapin, and well known as the authoress of *La Princesse de Clèves*. An attachment of twenty years' duration sprang up between them, cemented by mutual obligations which both were proud to acknowledge. La Rochefoucauld had intellect, and Madame de la Fayette had principle; she was honest and truthful, and he was wise and witty. Their intimacy was thus productive of mutual advantage; as the lady modestly and beautifully observed:—"He gave me *mind*, and I reformed his heart."

Another of his most sincere and attached friends was the famous Madame de Sévigné, whose life presents so many features of interest, and whose admirable letters are still read with pleasure and studied as models. It is worthy of remark that this celebrated woman always speaks of La Rochefoucauld with the utmost respect. She does not scruple to describe him as the first among all the men she ever knew for courage, goodness, tenderness, and sense, reckoning his wit and many agreeable qualities as nothing in comparison to these. For the last ten years of his life La Rochefoucauld was a martyr to the gout, and Madame de Sévigné repeatedly dwells on the severity of his sufferings and the exemplary fortitude with which they were endured. On the other hand, as an instance of the sensibility of his disposition, she has related how he burst into tears when an anecdote was repeated to him respecting the conduct of an officer whose arm was shot off by the same cannon-ball that deprived Turenne of life, and who, entirely regardless of the loss of his own limb, fell weeping on the body of his commander, and clung to it with transports of grief.

Besides these distinguished female associates, La Rochefoucauld lived on terms of intimacy with most of the eminent literati of the age. Boileau and Racine were among his friends, and Molière is said to have submitted his comedies for his approval. His clearness of apprehension and refined wit recommended him to the society of all who had any pretensions to literary distinction. At length, on the 17th of March, 1680, after a severe illness of some days, he expired in the arms of the celebrated Bossuet, who had administered to him the last consolations of religion. His friend, Madame de la Fayette, is represented as having been inconsolable for his loss; and Madame de Sévigné has in her letters minutely and tenderly described every incident of his last illness.

La Rochefoucauld's two works—the "Memoirs of his own Times," and the more celebrated "Maxims and Moral Reflections,"—though written after his retirement from politics, are impregnated with the spirit of his active life. He has been described as the moralist of the Fronde, as Cardinal de Retz was its historian. Having passed his early years in a thoroughly corrupt and demoralized society, and being endowed with no ordinary faculties of observation, his views of human nature are such as we might have expected him to promulgate. But whatever we may think of their spirit and tendency, the Maxims will always rank among the most valuable contributions to literature. Their great merit is of course the amount of thought and observation which the writer has dexterously managed to pack into so small a compass, by a rigid retrenchment of all superfluous matter and unnecessary words. To the great mass of mankind the brevity of the Maxims is one of the most acceptable qualities; it has recommended them to the attention of the idlest and least reflecting, and has caused them to be easily retained in the memory, and repeated from mouth to mouth. Voltaire remarked of La Rochefoucauld's literary performances, that "his Memoirs were read, and his maxims were known by heart;" and it would be superfluous for us to add the various eulogies which have been pronounced on the latter work by distinguished critics of other countries. According to the new translator, the earliest English translation of the maxims was published in 1689, "under the title of 'Seneca Unmasked,' by the celebrated Mrs. Aphra Behn, who calls the author the Duke of *Rushfucave!*" But it is very evident that many English writers had made use of them before that period, and the views of human character which they inculcated had been widely adopted.

It has been observed, by Voltaire, that there is scarcely more than one truth running through this celebrated book; viz., that "self-love is the motive of everything." The nature of this "one truth" has given rise to considerable controversy, and whilst we shall endeavor as much as possible to avoid being entangled in metaphysical subtleties, it will not be improper for us to make a few observations upon it. In the first place, we submit, it must be conceded that there are two descriptions of selfishness, or self-love; that one order or form of selfishness—narrow and short-sighted in its nature and aim—leads us to consult our own convenience, comfort, and sensual gratification, without regard to the comfort or well-being of others, and to derive our sole gratification from our *own* sensations of pleasure and avoidance of pain. But there is evidently another kind of self-love, more enlightened and exalted, which regards the performance of charitable actions, and a reasonable deference to the convenience and wishes of others, as absolutely necessary for our own enjoyment of this present existence; and although this species of selfishness is more refined, and is certainly not that which is popularly understood by the term, philosophers are undoubtedly justified in including it under the general term of self-love—a regard to self, and the pursuit of one's own interest. As Swift has pithily put it: "It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves." In referring every action, therefore, to the love of self, according to the verbal argument, at any rate, La Rochefoucauld was not in the wrong; but his great error, and the error of most of those who have followed in the same path, appears to consist in forming a low standard of human enjoyments, and of the objects and circumstances capable of conferring gratification; in a manifest devotion to the sensual and material; and in failing to appreciate the purest sources of pleasure and truest principles of happiness.

We will now refer to a few of the Maxims which have excited the greatest attention from the subtlety and acuteness they evince, or the peculiar morality they inculcate; presenting our readers, at the same time, with some of the illustrative passages which have been collected by the new translator. In some instances, we have been enabled to add other extracts, which appeared to bear on the topics discussed, or to confirm the views of La Rochefoucauld.

We commence with a Maxim which is a type of many more, and which has much of the sneering and sarcastic tone so often assumed by the moralists of the Fronde.

We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others.

A similar reflection has found expression in the writings of two other profound observers—Shakspeare and Swift.

Every man can master a grief, but he that has it.
—*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 2.

Men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion.
* * * * *
No, no! 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that writhe under the load of sorrow.
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act V. Sc. 1.

I never knew a man that could not bear the misfortunes of others with the most Christian resignation.
—Swift, *Thoughts on various Subjects.*

Of a kindred character is the celebrated maxim which has been so frequently commented on, and so much condemned:—

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.

That well-disposed persons should feel a secret pleasure in the misfortunes of others, seems at first a hard saying; but it is nevertheless, in a qualified sense, a humiliating truth, which those who have most narrowly watched the emotions of the mind have been constrained to accept. In the majority of mankind it is, perhaps, nothing more than a pleasurable feeling arising from a sense of individual security, or freedom from the suffering or ill-fortune which may have overtaken others. This feeling is entirely distinct from the unamiable sentiment of envious selfishness which rejoices in the affliction of a friend, from pure malevolence, or impatience of another's prosperity. It is, in fact, precisely the sentiment which is expressed in the well-known lines of Lucretius, cited by the present translator in illustration of La Rochefoucauld's maxim:—

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem;
Non, quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.
Book ii. v. 1.

Of which we venture to add Creech's homely but pithy version :—

'T is pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand
And view another's danger, safe at land ;
Not 'cause he 's troubled, but 't is sweet to see
Those cares and fears, from which ourselves are free.

La Rochefoucauld's maxim has, however, we submit, a more malicious meaning, and it was in that sense bitterly seized on by Swift, and introduced in the *Verses on his own Death*, written, it will be recollected, in the intervals of physical suffering, and under the influence of the deepest mental gloom :—

As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true.
They argue no corrupted mind
In him—the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast—
In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends,
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.
* * * * *
To all my foes, dear fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend ;
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst.

The maxim has been indeed generally taken, as it was probably intended, in its most ill-natured sense ; and such a clamor was raised against it, that La Rochefoucauld was induced to suppress it in the last edition which he published. "Byron," says the present translator, "has despondingly alluded to it," (*Childe Harold*, canto 3,)

I would believe
That *some* for others' griefs sincerely grieve.

We cite the following for the sake of its proverbial truth, as well as for the illustration which accompanies it :—

Those who bestow too much application on trifling things, become generally incapable of great ones.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought, and not unjustly, incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him that he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.—Lord Chesterfield.

How deplorable it is that the sound philosophy conveyed in the next axiom we have to quote, is not more laid to heart! Many who, at this day, have felt the intolerable tyranny of custom, or who have worn out a weary life in anxious agitation for the possession of something that popular opinion, not individual taste, may have marked out as desirable, will know how to appreciate its truth.

Happiness lies in the taste, and not in the thing ; and it is from having what we desire that we are happy—not from having what others think desirable.

All external concessions (says Montaigne) receive taste and color from the internal constitution, as clothes warm us not with their heat, but our own, which they are adapted to cover and keep in.

And Burns, it will be recollected, has given expression, in verse, to the same idea :—

If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

The truth of the following maxim has been generally acknowledged and acted on, and certainly never more than at the present time, when a fair outside show is regarded by all who are skilled in the world's ways as a sure passport to ultimate success :—

In order to establish themselves in the world, men do all they can to appear established there.

This axiom has been copied by Goldsmith :—

If a man wishes to become rich, he must appear to be rich.

It is with true love as with apparitions. Every one talks of it, but few have ever seen it.

"Byron," observes the translator, "was well read in La Rochefoucauld, and this maxim appears to have been the germ of the following fine stanza" : —

O love, no habitant of earth thou art,
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee—
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart;
But never yet hath seen, or e'er shall see,
The naked eye thy form, as it should be,
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given
As haunts the unquenched soul, parched, wearied, wrung, and riven.

Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself.

Shakspeare has given expression to the same idea in the well-known passage, subjoined by the translator from the *Merchant of Venice*.

O, my Antonio, I do know of those
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing.

We have also rather an amusing illustration of this truth in the following scrap from Coleridge's *Table Talk*, which recurs to our recollection. "Silence," says this great conversationalist, "does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man who listened to me, and said nothing for a long time ; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with—'Them 's the jockies for me!' I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."

A judicious silence, where there is a consciousness of mental deficiency, is undoubtedly a mark of considerable tact. Dr. Johnson has made the following remarks on the conduct of persons before and after dinner, which may further demonstrate the prudence of this species of self-restraint. "Before dinner, men meet with great inequality of understanding ; and those who are conscious of their inferiority, have the modesty not to talk ; when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous ; but he is not improved ; he is only not sensible of his defects."

How can we expect another to keep our secret, if we cannot keep it ourselves?

"This idea," says the translator, "has been expressed by other writers, but by none more happily than by La Rochefoucauld."

I have played the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend would hold a secret
Mine own could not contain.
MASSINGER, *Unnatural Combat*, Act V. Sc. 2.

Toute révélation d'un secret est la faute de celui qui l'a confié.—LA BRUYERE, *De La Société.*

Ham. Do not believe it.
Rosencr. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
SHAKSPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

The most subtle of all artifices is the power of cleverly feigning to fall into the snares laid for us; and we are never so easily deceived as when we think we are deceiving others.

"A curious illustration of this maxim," the translator observes, "was lately exhibited in the events which led to the defeat of the King of Sardinia, in Lombardy, in July, 1848. He was beguiled by a pretended plot for delivering the town of Mantua into his hands, and, with a view of aiding in its execution, was induced to weaken his military position to such a degree, as to enable the Austrian general, Radetzky, to attack him at a disadvantage. The Italian correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, (Aug. 2d, 1848,) remarks upon this:—'I perceive that the whole affair was, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, "a plant," to induce the king to impoverish the left of our lines, where Radetzky saw, as events have since proved, that he might strike the surest blow. * * * * I have often noticed that cunning men are the most easily deceived, and I fear Charles Albert, who has the reputation of being very *rusé*, has thus been caught.'"

The true method of being deceived is to think oneself more cunning than others.

"Here, my sagacious friend," said Louis, "take this purse of gold, and with it the advice, never to be so great a fool as to think yourself wiser than another."—*Quentin Durward.*

Our repentance is not so much regret for the evil we have done, as fear of its consequences to us.

You do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven,
Showing, we'd not spare Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.
Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 3.

When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who quit them.

The same idea has been expressed by Swift in homely and familiar terms: "When men grow virtuous in their old age, they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings."

The next maxim we have to quote has passed into a proverbial saying, the paternity of which may not be known to all those who have been in the habit of making use of it.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue.

"Massillon," says the translator, "has adopted this celebrated thought in one of his sermons: 'Le vice rend hommage à la vertu en s'honorant de ses apparences;' and it probably also suggested to Cowper the following passage in the *Task*, Book iii.":—

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet,)
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.

The following two maxims, on the nature of eloquence, should be laid to heart by all who make any pretension to that much coveted accomplishment; or who have any ambition, as public speakers, to please, persuade, or convince an audience.

There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the eyes, and in the air of a speaker, as in his choice of words.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary.

Much of the acuteness and subtlety for which La Rochefoucauld was so famous, is exhibited in the next maxim we have to quote:—

Humility is often only a feigned submission, of which we make use to render others submissive. It is an artifice of pride which abases in order to exalt itself, and though it transforms itself in a thousand different ways, it is never better disguised and more capable of deceiving than when it conceals itself under the garb of humility.

In illustration of this truth, the translator has subjoined the well-known stanza from the *Devil's Walk*:—

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,
And the devil was pleased, for his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility.

In all the professions, every one affects a particular look and exterior, in order to appear what he wishes to be thought, so that it may be said the world is made up of appearances.

This maxim, which every one will admit has a pretty general application, is followed by another of a kindred character, which has been always enrolled among the most famous sayings of La Rochefoucauld:—

Gravity is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind.

This is the maxim which Yorick, in *Tristram Shandy*, "with great imprudence would say *deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.*" The translator has also subjoined the opinions of two great thinkers and observers to the same effect, expressed in a characteristic style:—

"I have observed," says Lord Bolingbroke, "that in comedies the best actor plays the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the fine gentleman or hero. Thus it is in the farce of life—wise men spend their time in mirth, 'tis only fools who are serious!" Lord Shaftesbury also observes, that "Gravity is of the very essence of imposture; it does not only make us mistake other things, but is apt perpetually almost to mistake itself."

We think very few people sensible except those who are of our opinions.

That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken.—SWIFT, *Thoughts on various Subjects.*

A fool has not stuff enough to be good.

In Mr. Taylor's admirable drama of Philip van Artevelde, among other profound remarks, we find the following echo of La Rochefoucauld's maxim:

And Van Muck, the traitor!
Stupidity is seldom soundly honest;
I should have known him better. Live and learn.

Old fools are more foolish than young ones.

"This maxim," observes the translator, "seems to have passed into the proverb, 'No fool like an old fool.'"

Malvolio. Infirmity that decays the wise doth ever make the better fool.
Clown. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly.
SHAKSPEARE, *Twelfth Night.*

Men often proceed from love to ambition, but they seldom return from ambition to love.

Les hommes commencent par l'amour, finissent par l'ambition, et ne se trouvent dans une assiette plus tranquille, que lorsqu'ils meurent.—LA BRUYERE, *Du Cœur.*

He who admits ambition to the companionship of love, admits a giant that outstrides the gentler footsteps of its comrade.—SIR E. B. LYTTON, *Harold.*

Those who are incapable of committing great crimes do not easily suspect others of them.

"Montaigne," says the translator, "remarks, that 'Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of a man's own;' and he adds, 'God is pleased to favor such confidence.'"

Whose nature is so far from doing harm,
That he suspects none.—*King Lear.*

In the Dedication of a volume of poems to the Duchess of Sutherland, the Honorable Mrs. Norton, alluding to some painful circumstances in her own life, has given a beautiful expression to the same idea:—

For they who credit crime are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts that steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

We have selected these passages from La Rochefoucauld's Book of Maxims, to illustrate the character and genius of the author, and the tone and spirit of his philosophy. The extracts we have appended (and which are in general taken from the notes of the new translator) will prove in some degree the influence he has exercised upon other minds, and the wide acceptation which the principles he promulgated have found in the world.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XVI.—"AN OLD GENERAL OF THE IRISH BRIGADE."

In obedience to an order which arrived at Saumur one morning in the July of 1798, I was summoned before the commandant of the school, when the following brief colloquy ensued:—

"Maurice Tiernay," said he, reading from the record of the school, "why are you called l'Irlandais?"

"I am Irish by descent, sir."

"Ha! by descent. Your father was then an Emigré?"

"No, sir—my great grandfather."

"Parbleu! that is going very far back. Are you aware of the causes which induced him to leave his native country?"

"They were connected with political troubles, I've heard, sir. He took part against the English, my father told me, and was obliged to make his escape to save his life."

"You then hate the English, Maurice?"

"My grandfather certainly did not love them, sir."

"Nor can you, boy, ever forgive their having exiled your family from country and home; every man of honor retains the memory of such injuries."

"I can scarcely deem that an injury, sir, which has made me a French citizen," said I, proudly.

"True, boy—you say what is perfectly true and just; any sacrifice of fortune or patrimony is cheap at such a price; still you have suffered a wrong—a deep and irreparable wrong—and as a Frenchman you are ready to avenge it."

Although I had no very precise notion, either as to the extent of the hardships done me, nor in what way I was to demand the reparation, I gave the assent he seemed to expect.

"You are well acquainted with the language, I believe," continued he.

"I can read and speak English tolerably well, sir."

"But I speak of Irish, boy—of the language which is spoken by your fellow-countrymen," said he, rebukingly.

"I have always heard, sir, that this has fallen into disuse, and is little known, save among the peasantry in a few secluded districts."

He seemed impatient as I said this, and referred once more to the paper before him, from whose minutes he appeared to have been speaking.

"You must be in error, boy. I find here that the nation is devotedly attached to its traditions and its literature, and feels no injury deeper than the insulting substitution of a foreign tongue for their own noble language."

"Of myself I know nothing, sir; the little I have learned was acquired when a mere child."

"Ah, then you probably forget, or may never have heard the fact; but it is as I tell you. This, which I hold here, is the report of a highly-distinguished and most influential personage, who lays great stress upon the circumstance. I am sorry, Tiernay, very sorry, that you are unacquainted with the language."

He continued for some minutes to brood over this disappointment, and at last returned to the paper before him.

"The geography of the country—what knowledge have you on that subject?"

"No more, sir, than I may possess of other countries, and merely learned from maps."

"Bad again," muttered he to himself. "Madyett calls these 'essentials;' but we shall see"

Then, addressing me, he said, "Tiernay, the object of my present interrogatory is to inform you that the Directory is about to send an expedition to Ireland to assist in the liberation of that enslaved people. It has been suggested that young officers and soldiers of Irish descent might render peculiar service to the cause, and I have selected you for an opportunity which will convert those worsted epaulets into bullion."

This at least was intelligible news, and now I began to listen with more attention.

"There is a report," said he, laying down before me a very capacious manuscript, "which you will carefully peruse. Here are the latest pamphlets setting forth the state of public opinion in Ireland; and here are various maps of the coast, the harbors, and the strongholds of that country, with all of which you may employ yourself advantageously; and if, on considering the subject, you feel disposed to volunteer—for as a volunteer only could your services be accepted—I will willingly support your request by all the influence in my power."

"I am ready to do so at once, sir," said I, eagerly; "I have no need to know any more than you have told me."

"Well said, boy; I like your ardor. Write your petition, and it shall be forwarded to-day. I will also try and obtain for you the same regimental rank you hold in the school"—I was a sergeant—"it will depend upon yourself afterwards to secure a further advancement. You are now free from duty; lose no time, therefore, in storing your mind with every possible information, and be ready to set out at a moment's notice."

"Is the expedition so nearly ready, sir?" asked I, eagerly.

He nodded, and, with a significant admonition as to secrecy, dismissed me, bursting with anxiety to examine the stores of knowledge before me, and prepare myself with all the details of a plan in which already I took the liveliest interest. Before the week expired, I received an answer from the minister, accepting the offer of my services. The reply found me deep in those studies, which I scarcely could bear to quit even at mealtimes. Never did I experience such an all-devouring passion for a theme as on that occasion. "Ireland" never left my thoughts; her wrongs and sufferings were everlastingly before me; all the cruelties of centuries—all the hard tyranny of the penal laws—the dire injustice of caste oppression—filled me with indignation and anger; while, on the other hand, I conceived the highest admiration of a people who, undeterred by the might and power of England, resolved to strike a great blow for liberty.

The enthusiasm of the people—the ardent darings of a valor whose impetuosity was its greatest difficulty—their high romantic temperament—their devotion—their gratitude—the child-like trustfulness of their natures, were all traits, scattered through the various narratives, which invariably attracted me, and drew me more strongly to their cause—even from affection than reason.

Madyett's memoir was filled with these, and he, I concluded, must know them well, being, as it was asserted, one of the ancient nobility of the land, and who now desired nothing better than to throw rank, privilege, and title into the scale, and do battle for the liberty and equality of his countrymen. How I longed to see this great man, whom my fancy arrayed in all the attributes he so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen, for they were not only, in his description, the boldest and the bravest, but the handsomest people of Europe.

As to the success of the enterprise, whatever doubts I had at first conceived, from an estimate of the immense resources of England, were speedily solved, as I read of the enormous preparations the Irish had made for the struggle. The Roman Catholics, Madyett said, were three millions, the Dissenters another million, all eager for freedom and French alliance, wanting nothing but the appearance of a small armed force to give them the necessary organization and discipline. They were somewhat deficient, he acknowledged, in fire-arms—cannon they had none whatever; but the character of the country, which consisted of mountains, valleys, ravines, and gorges, reduced war to the mere chivalrous features of personal encounter. What interminable descriptions did I wade through of clubs and associations, the very names of which were a puzzle to me—the great union of all appearing to be a society called "Defenders," whose oath bound them to "fidelity to the united nations of France and Ireland."

So much for the one side. For the other, it was asserted that the English forces then in garrison in Ireland were below contempt; the militia, being principally Irish, might be relied on for taking the popular side; and as to the regulars, they were either "old men or boys," incapable of active service; and several of the regiments, being Scotch, greatly disaffected to the government. Then, again, as to the navy, the sailors in the English fleet were more than two thirds Irishmen, all Catholics, and all disaffected.

That the enterprise contained every element of success, then, who could doubt? The nation, in the proportion of ten to one, were for the movement. On their side lay not alone the wrongs to avenge, but the courage, the energy, and the daring. Their oppressors were as weak as tyrannical, their cause was a bad one, and their support of it a hollow semblance of superiority.

If I read these statements with ardor and avidity, one lurking sense of doubt alone obtruded itself on my reasonings. Why, with all these guarantees of victory, with everything that can hallow a cause, and give it stability and strength, why did the Irish ask for aid? If they were, as they alleged, an immense majority—if theirs was all the heroism and the daring—if the struggle was to be maintained against a miserably inferior

force, weakened by age, and incapacity, and disaffection—what need had they of Frenchmen on their side? The answer to all such doubts, however, was "the Irish were deficient in organization."

Not only was the explanation a very sufficient one, but it served in a high degree to flatter our vanity. We were, then, to be organizers of Ireland; from us were they to take the lessons of civilization, which should prepare them for freedom—ours was the task to discipline their valor, and train their untaught intelligence. Once landed in the country, it was to our standard they were to rally; from us were to go forth the orders of every movement and measure; to us this new land was to be an *El Dorado*. Madyett significantly hinted everywhere at the unbounded gratitude of Irishmen; and more than hinted at the future fate of certain confiscated estates. One phrase, ostentatiously set forth in capitals, asserted that the best general in the French Republic could not be anywhere employed with so much reputation and profit. There was, then, everything to stimulate the soldier in such an enterprise—honor, fame, glory, and rich rewards were all among the prizes.

It was when deep in the midst of these studies, poring over maps and reports, taxing my memory with hard names, and getting off by heart dates, distances, and numbers, that the order came for me to repair at once to Paris, where the volunteers of the expedition were to assemble. My rank of sergeant had been confirmed, and in this capacity, as "sous officier," I was ordered to report myself to General Kilmaine, the adjutant-general of the expedition, then living in the "Rue Chantereine." I was also given the address of a certain Lestaing—Rue Tarbout—a tailor, from whom, on producing a certificate, I was to obtain my new uniform.

Full as I was of the whole theme, thinking of the expedition by day, and dreaming of it by night, I was still little prepared for the enthusiasm it was at that very moment exciting in every society of the capital. For some time previous a great number of Irish emigrants had made Paris their residence; some were men of good position and ample fortune; some were individuals of considerable ability and intelligence. All were enthusiastic, and ardent in temperament—devotedly attached to their country—hearty haters of England, and proportionately attached to all that was French. These sentiments, coupled with a certain ease of manner, and a faculty of adaptation, so peculiarly Irish, made them general favorites in society; and long before the Irish question had found any favor with the public, its national supporters had won over the hearts and good wishes of all Paris to the cause.

Well pleased, then, as I was, with my handsome uniform of green and gold, my small chapeau, with its plume of cock's feathers, and the embroidered shamrock on my collar, I was not a little struck by the excitement my first appearance in the street created. Accustomed to see a hundred strange military costumes—the greater number, I own, more singular than tasteful—the Parisians, I concluded, would scarcely notice mine in the crowd. Not so, however; the print-shops had already given the impulse to the admiration, and the "Irish Volunteer of the Guard" was to be seen in every window, in all the "glory of his bravery." The heroic character of the expedition, too, was typified by a great variety of scenes, in which the artist's imagination had all the credit. In one picture the "jeune Irlandais" was planting a national flag of very capacious dimensions on the summit of his native mountains; here he was storming "Le chateau de Dublin," a most formidable fortress perched on a rock above the sea; here he was crowning the heights of "La citadelle de Cork," a very Gibraltar in strength; or he was haranguing the native chieftains, a highly picturesque group—a cross between a knight crusader and a South-sea islander.

My appearance, therefore, in the streets was the signal for general notice and admiration, and more than one compliment was uttered, purposely loud enough to reach me, on the elegance and style of my equipment. In the pleasant flurry of spirits excited by this flattery, I arrived at the general's quarters in the Rue Chantereine. It was considerably before the time of his usual reception, but the glitter of my epaulets, and the air of assurance I had assumed, so far imposed upon the old servant who acted as valet, that he at once introduced me into a small saloon, and, after a brief pause, presented me to the general, who was reclining on a sofa at his breakfast. Although far advanced in years, and evidently broken by bad health, General Kilmaine still preserved traces of great personal advantages, while his manner exhibited all that polished ease and courtesy which were said to be peculiar to the Irish gentleman of the French court. Addressing me in English, he invited me to join his meal; and, on my declining, as having already breakfasted, he said, "I perceive, from your name, we are countrymen; and as your uniform tells me the service in which you are engaged, we may speak with entire confidence. Tell me then, frankly, all that you know of the actual condition of Ireland."

Conceiving that this question applied to the result of my late studies, and was meant to elicit the amount of my information, I at once began a recital of what I had learned from the books and reports I had been reading. My statistics were perfect—they had been gotten off by heart; my sympathies were, for the same reason, most eloquent; my indignation was boundless on the wrongs I deplored, and, in fact, in the fifteen minutes during which he permitted me to declaim without interruption, I had gone through the whole "cause of Ireland," from Henry II. to George III.

"You have been reading Mr. Madyett, I perceive," said he with a smile; "but I would rather hear something of your own actual experience. Tell me, therefore, in what condition are the people at this moment, as regards poverty?"

"I have never been in Ireland, general," said I, not without some shame at the avowal coming so soon after my eloquent exhortation.

"Ah, I perceive," said he, blandly, "of Irish origin, and a relative probably of that very distinguished soldier, Count Maurice de Tiernay, who served in the Garde-du-Corps."

"His only son, general," said I, blushing with eagerness and pleasure at the praise of my father.

"Indeed!" said he, smiling courteously, and seeming to meditate on my words. "There was not a better nor a braver sabre in the corps than your father—a very few more such men might have saved the monarchy—as it was, they dignified its fall. And to whose guidance and care did you owe your early training, for I see you have not been neglected?"

A few words told him the principal events of my early years, to which he listened with deep attention. At length he said, "And now you are about to devote your acquirements and energy to this new expedition?"

"All, general! Everything that I have is too little for such a cause."

"You say truly, boy," said he, warmly; "would that so good a cause had better leaders. I mean," added he hurriedly, "wiser ones. Men more conversant with the actual state of events, more fit to cope with the great difficulties before them, more ready to take advantage of circumstances, whose outward meaning will often prove deceptive. In fact, Irishmen of character and capacity, tried soldiers, and good patriots. Well, well, let us hope the best. In whose division are you?"

"I have not yet heard, sir. I have presented myself here to-day to receive your orders."

"There again is another instance of their incapacity," cried he, passionately. "Why, boy, I have no command, nor any function. I did accept office under General Hoche, but he is not to lead the present expedition."

"And who is, sir?"

"I cannot tell you. A week ago they talked of Grouchy, then of Hardy; yesterday it was Humbert; to-day it may be Bonaparte, and to-morrow yourself! Ay, Tiernay, this great and good cause has its national fatality attached to it, and is so wrapped up in low intrigue and falsehood, that every minister becomes in turn disgusted with the treachery and mendacity he meets with, and bequeathes the question to some official underling, meet partisan for the mock patriot he treats with."

"But the expedition will sail, general?" asked I, sadly discomfited by this tone of despondency.

He made me no answer, but sat for some time absorbed in his own thoughts. At last he looked up, and said, "You ought to be in the army of Italy, boy; the great teacher of war is there."

"I know it, sir, but my whole heart is in this struggle. I feel that Ireland has a claim on all who derived even a name from her soil. Do you not believe that the expedition will sail?"

Again he was silent and thoughtful.

"Mr. Madyett would say yes," said he scornfully, "though, certes, he would not volunteer to bear it company."

"Colonel Cherin, general!" said the valet, as he flung open the door for a young officer in a staff-uniform. I arose at once to withdraw, but the general motioned to me to wait in an adjoining room, as he desired to speak with me again.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when I was summoned once more before him.

"You have come at a most opportune moment, Tiernay," said he; "Colonel Cherin informs me that an expedition is ready to sail from Rochelle at the first favorable wind. General Humbert has the command; and if you are disposed to join him I will give you a letter of presentation."

Of course I did not hesitate in accepting the offer; and while the general drew over his desk to write the letter, I withdrew towards the window to converse with Colonel Cherin.

"You might have waited long enough," said he, laughing, "if the affair had been in other hands than Humbert's. The delays and discussions of the official people, the difficulty of anything like agreement, the want of money, and fifty other causes, would have detained the fleet till the English got scent of the whole. But Humbert has taken the short road in the matter. He only arrived at La Rochelle five days ago and now he is ready to weigh anchor."

"And in what way has he accomplished this?" asked I, in some curiosity.

"By a method," replied he, laughing again, "which is usually reserved for an enemy's country. Growing weary of a correspondence with the minister, which seemed to make little progress, and urged on by the enthusiastic stories of the Irish refugees, he resolved to wait no longer; and so he has called on the merchants and magistrates to advance him a sum on military requisition, together with such stores and necessaries as he stands in need of."

"And they have complied?" asked I.

"Parbleu! that have they. In the first place, they had no other choice; and, in the second, they are but too happy to get rid of him and his 'Legion Noir,' as they are called, so cheaply. A thousand louis and a thousand muskets would not pay for the damage of these vagabonds each night they spent in the town."

I confess that this description did not tend to exalt the enthusiasm I had conceived for the expedition; but it was too late for hesitation—too late for even a doubt. Go forward I should, whatever might come of it. And now the general had finished his letter, which, having sealed and addressed, he gave into my hand, saying—"This will very probably obtain you promotion, if not at once, at least on the first vacancy. Good bye, my lad; there may be hard knocks going where you will be, but I 'm certain you 'll not disgrace the good name you bear, nor the true cause for which you are fighting. I would that I had youth and

strength to stand beside you in the struggle. Good bye."

He shook me affectionately by both hands; the colonel, too, bade me adieu not less cordially; and I took my leave with a heart overflowing with gratitude and delight.

CHAPTER XVII.—LA ROCHELLE.

La Rochelle is a quiet little town at the bottom of a small bay, the mouth of which is almost closed up by two islands. There is a sleepy, peaceful air about the place—a sort of drowsy languor pervades everything and everybody about it, that tells of a town whose days of busy prosperity have long since passed by, and which is dragging out life, like some retired tradesman—too poor for splendor, but rich enough to be idle. A long avenue of lime-trees encloses the harbor; and here the merchants conduct their bargains, while their wives, seated beneath the shade, discuss the gossip of the place over their work. All is patriarchal and primitive as Holland itself; the very courtesies of life exhibiting that ponderous stateliness which insensibly reminds one of the land of dykes and broad breeches. It is the least "French" of any town I have ever seen in France; none of that light merriment, that gay volatility of voice and air, which form the usual atmosphere of a French town. All is still, orderly, and sombre; and yet, on the night in which —something more than fifty years back—I first entered it, a very different scene was presented to my eyes.

It was about ten o'clock; and, by a moon nearly full, the diligence rattled along the covered ways of the old fortress, and, crossing many a mote and drawbridge, the scenes of a once glorious struggle, entered the narrow streets, traversed a wide place, and drew up within the ample portals of "La Poste."

Before I could remove the wide capote which I wore, the waiter ushered me into a large salôn where a party of about forty persons were seated at supper. With a few exceptions they were all military officers, and sous-officiers of the expedition, whose noisy gayety and boisterous mirth sufficiently attested that the entertainment had begun a considerable time before.

A profusion of bottles, some empty, others in the way to become so, covered the table, amidst which lay the fragments of a common table-d'hôte supper—large dishes of cigars and basins of tobacco figuring beside the omelettes and the salad.

The noise, the crash, the heat, the smoke, and the confusion—the clinking of glasses, the singing, and the speech-making, made a scene of such turmoil and uproar, that I would gladly have retired to some quieter atmosphere, when suddenly an accidental glimpse of my uniform caught some eyes among the revellers, and a shout was raised of "Holloa, comrades! here 's one of the 'Gardes' among us." And at once the whole assembly rose up to greet me. For full ten minutes I had to submit to a series of salutations, which led to every form, from hand-shaking and embracing to kissing; while, perfectly unconscious of any cause for my popularity, I went through the ceremonies like one in a dream.

"Where 's Kilmaine?" "What of Hardy?" "Is Grouchy coming?" "Can the Brest fleet sail?" "How many line-of-battle ships have they?" "What 's the artillery force?" "Have you brought any money?" This last question, the most frequent of all, was suddenly poured in upon me, and with a fortunate degree of rapidity, that I had no time for a reply, had I even the means of making one.

"Let the lad have a seat and a glass of wine before he submits to this interrogatory," said a fine, jolly-looking old chef-d'escadron at the head of the table, while he made a place for me at his side. "Now tell us, boy, what number of the Gardes are to be of our party?"

I looked a little blank at the question, for in truth I had not heard of the corps before, nor was I aware that it was their uniform I was then wearing.

"Come, come, be frank with us, lad," said he; "we are all comrades here. Confound secrecy, say I."

"Ay, ay," cried the whole assembly together —"confound secrecy. We are not bandits nor highwaymen; we have no need of concealment."

"I 'll be as frank as you can wish, comrades," said I; "and if I lose some importance in your eyes by owning that I am not the master of a single state secret, I prefer to tell you so, to attempting any unworthy disguise. I come here, by orders from General Kilmaine, to join your expedition; and, except this letter for General Humbert, I have no claim to any consideration whatever."

The old chef took the letter from my hands and examined the seal and superscription carefully, and then passed the document down the table for the satisfaction of the rest.

While I continued to watch with anxious eyes the letter on which so much of my own fate depended, a low whispering conversation went on at my side, at the end of which the chef said—

"It 's more than likely, lad, that your regiment is not coming; but our general is not to be balked for that. Go he will; and let the government look to themselves if he is not supported. At all events, you had better see General Humbert at once; there 's no saying what that dispatch may contain. Santerre, conduct him up stairs."

A smart young fellow arose at the bidding, and beckoned me to follow him.

It was not without difficulty that we forced our way up stairs, down which porters, and sailors, and soldiers were now carrying a number of heavy trunks and packing-cases. At last we gained an ante-room, where confusion seemed at its highest, crowded as it was by soldiers, the greater number of them intoxicated, and all in a state of riotous and insolent insubordination. Amongst these were

a number of the townspeople, eager to prefer complaints for outrage and robbery, but whose subdued voices were drowned amid the clamor of their oppressors. Meanwhile, clerks were writing away receipts for stolen and pillaged articles, and which, signed with the name of the general, were grasped at with eager avidity. Even personal injuries were requited in the same cheap fashion, orders on the national treasury being freely issued for damaged noses and smashed heads, and gratefully received by the confiding populace.

"If the wind draws a little more to the southward before morning, we 'll pay our debts with the top-sail sheet, and it will be somewhat shorter, and to the full as honest," said a man in a naval uniform.

"Where 's the officer of the 'Regiment des Guides?' " cried a soldier from the door at the further end of the room; and, before I had time to think over the designation of rank given me, I was hurried into the general's presence.

General Humbert, whose age might have been thirty-eight or forty, was a tall, well-built, but somewhat over-corpulent man; his features frank and manly, but with a dash of coarseness in their expression, particularly about the mouth; a sabre-cut, which had divided the upper lip, and whose cicatrix was then seen through his moustache, heightening the effect of his sinister look; his carriage was singularly erect and soldierlike, but all his gestures betrayed the habits of one who had risen from the ranks, and was not unwilling to revive the recollection.

He was parading the room from end to end when I entered, stopping occasionally to look out from an open window upon the bay, where by the clear moonlight might be seen the ships of the fleet at anchor. Two officers of his staff were writing busily at a table, whence the materials of a supper had not yet been removed. They did not look up as I came forward, nor did he notice me in any way for several minutes. Suddenly he turned towards me, and, snatching the letter I held in my hand, proceeded to read it. A burst of coarse laughter broke from him as he perused the lines; and then, throwing down the paper on the table, he cried out—

"So much for Kilmaine's contingent. I asked for a company of engineers and a battalion of 'les Gardes,' and they send me a boy from the cavalry-school of Saumur. I tell them that I want some fellows conversant with the language and the people, able to treat with the peasantry, and acquainted with their habits, and here I have got a raw youth, whose highest acquirement in all likelihood is to daub a map with water-colors, or take fortifications with a pair of compasses! I wish I had some of these learned gentlemen in the trenches for a few hours. Parbleu! I think I could teach them something they 'd not learn from Citizen Carnot. Well, sir," said he, turning abruptly towards me, "how many battalions of the 'Guides' are completed?"

"I cannot tell, general," was my timid answer.

"Where are they stationed?"

"Of that also I am ignorant, sir."

"Peste!" cried he, stamping his foot passionately; then suddenly checking his anger, he asked, "How many are coming to join this expedition? Is there a regiment, a battalion, a company? Can you tell me with certainty that a sergeant's-guard is on the way hither?"

"I cannot, sir; I know nothing whatever about the regiment in question."

"You have never seen it?" cried he, vehemently.

"Never, sir."

"This exceeds all belief," exclaimed he, with a crash of his closed fist upon the table. "Three weeks' letter-writing! Estafettes, orderlies, and special couriers to no end! And here we have an unfledged cur from a cavalry institute, when I asked for a strong reinforcement. Then what brought you here, boy?"

"To join your expedition, general."

"Have they told you it was a holiday-party that we had planned? Did they say it was a junketting we were bent upon?"

"If they had, sir, I would not have come."

"The greater fool *you*, then! that 's all," cried he laughing; "when I was your age I 'd not have hesitated twice between a merry-making and a bayonet charge."

While he was thus speaking, he never ceased to sign his name to every paper placed before him by one or other of the secretaries.

"No, parbleu!" he went on, "La maitresse before the mitraille any day for me. But what 's all this, Girard? Here I 'm issuing orders upon the national treasury for hundreds of thousands without let or compunction."

The aide-de-camp whispered a word or two in a low tone.

"I know it, lad; I know it well," said the general, laughing heartily; "I only pray that all our requisitions may be as easily obtained in future. Well, Monsieur le Garde, what are we to do with you?"

"Not refuse me, I hope, general," said I, diffidently.

"Not refuse you, certainly; but in what capacity to take you, lad, that 's the question. If you had served—if you had even walked a campaign——"

"So I have, general—this will show you where I have been;" and I handed him the "livret" which every soldier carries of his conduct and career.

He took the book, and, casting his eye hastily over it, exclaimed—

"Why, what 's this, lad? You 've been at Kehl, at Emenendingen, at Rorshach, at Huyningen, through all that Black Forest affair with Moreau! You *have* seen smoke, then. Ay! I see honorable mention of you, besides, for readiness in the field and zeal during action. What! more brandy! Girard. Why, our Irish friends must have been exceedingly thirsty. I 've given

them credit for something like ten thousand 'velts' already! No matter, the poor fellows may have to put up with short rations for all this yet—and there goes my signature once more. What does that blue light mean, Girard!" said he, pointing to a bright blue star that shone from a mast of one of the ships of war.

"That is the signal, general, that the embarkation of the artillery is complete."

"Parbleu!" said he, with a laugh, "it need not have taken long; they've given in two batteries of eights, and one of them has not a gun fit for service. There goes a rocket, now. Is n't that the signal to heave short on the anchors? Yes, to be sure. And now it is answered by the other! Ha! lads, this does look like business at last!"

The door opened as he spoke, and a naval officer entered.

"The wind is drawing round to the south, general; we can weigh with the ebb if you wish it."

"Wish it—if I wish it! Yes, with my whole heart and soul I do! I am just as sick of La Rochelle as is La Rochelle of me. The salute that announces our departure will be a 'feu-de-joie' to both of us? Ay, sir, tell your captain that I need no further notice than that *he* is ready. Girard, see to it that the marauders are sent on board in irons. The fellows must learn at once that discipline begins when we trip our anchors. As for you," said he, turning to me, "you shall act upon my staff with provisional rank as sous-lieutenant: time will show if the grade should be confirmed. And now hasten down to the quay, and put yourself under Colonel Lerrasin's orders."

Colonel Lerrasin, the second in command, was, in many respects, the very opposite of Humbert. Sharp, petulant, and irascible, he seemed quite to overlook the fact, that, in an expedition which was little better than a foray, there must necessarily be a great relaxation of the rules of discipline and many irregularities at least winked at, which, in stricter seasons, would call for punishment. The consequence was, that a large proportion of our force went on board under arrest, and many actually in irons. The Irish were, without a single exception, all drunk; and the English soldiers, who had procured their liberation from imprisonment on condition of joining the expedition, had made sufficiently free with the brandy-bottle, to forget their new alliance, and vent their hatred of France and Frenchmen in expressions whose only alleviation was that they were nearly unintelligible.

Such a scene of uproar, discord, and insubordination never was seen. The relative conditions of guard and prisoner elicited national animosities that were scarcely even dormant, and many a bloody encounter took place between those whose instinct was too powerful to feel themselves anything but enemies. A cry, too, was raised, that it was meant to betray the whole expedition to the English, whose fleet, it was asserted, had been seen off Oleron that morning; and, although there was not even the shadow of a foundation for the belief, it served to increase the alarm and confusion. Whether originating or not with the Irish, I cannot say, but certainly they took advantage of it to avoid embarking; and now began a schism which threatened to wreck the whole expedition, even in the harbor.

The Irish, as indifferent to the call of discipline as they were ignorant of French, refused to obey orders save from officers of their own country; and although Lerrasin ordered two companies to "load with ball and fire low," the similar note for preparation from the insurgents induced him to rescind the command and try a compromise. In this crisis I was sent by Lerrasin to fetch what was called the "Committee," the three Irish deputies who accompanied the force. They had already gone aboard of the Dedalus, little foreseeing the difficulties that were to arise on shore.

Seated in a small cabin next the wardroom, I found these three gentlemen, whose names were Tone, Teeling, and Sullivan. Their attitudes were gloomy and despondent, and their looks anything but encouraging, as I entered. A paper, on which a few words had been scrawled, and signed with their three names underneath, lay before them, and on this their eyes were bent with a sad and deep meaning. I knew not then what it meant, but I afterwards learned that it was a compact, formally entered into and drawn up, that if, by the chance of war, they should fall into the enemy's hands, they would anticipate their fate by suicide, but leave to the English government all the ignominy and disgrace of their death.

They seemed scarcely to notice me as I came forward, and even when I delivered my message they heard it with a half indifference.

"What do you want us to do, sir?" said Teeling, the eldest of the party. "We hold no command in the service. It was against our advice and counsel that you accepted these volunteers at all. We have no influence over them."

"Not the slightest," broke in Tone. "These fellows are bad soldiers and worse Irishmen. The expedition will do better without them."

"And *they* better without the expedition," muttered Sullivan drily.

"But you will come, gentlemen, and speak to them," said I. "You can at least assure them that their suspicions are unfounded."

"Very true, sir," replied Sullivan, "we can do so, but with what success? No, no. If you can't maintain discipline here on your own soil, you 'll make a bad hand of doing it when you have your foot on Irish ground. And, after all, I for one am not surprised at the report gaining credence."

"How so, sir?" asked I indignantly.

"Simply that when a promise of fifteen thousand men dwindles down to a force of eight hundred; when a hundred thousand stand of arms come to be represented by a couple of thousand; when an expedition, pledged by a government, has fallen

down to a marauding party; when Hoche or Kleber— But never mind, I always swore that, if you sent but a corporal's guard, I 'd go with them."

A musket-shot here was heard, followed by a sharp volley and a cheer, and, in an agony of anxiety, I rushed to the deck. Although above half a mile from the shore, we could see the movements of troops hither and thither, and hear the loud words of command. Whatever the struggle, it was over in a moment, and now we saw the troops descending the steps to the boats. With an inconceivable speed the men fell into their places, and, urged on by the long sweeps, the heavy launches swept across the calm waters of the bay.

If a cautious reserve prevented any open questioning as to the late affray, the second boat which came alongside revealed some of its terrible consequences. Seven wounded soldiers were assisted up the side by their comrades, and in total silence conveyed to their station between decks.

"A bad augury this!" muttered Sullivan, as his eye followed them. "They might as well have left that work for the English!"

A swift six-oar boat, with the tricolor flag floating from a flag-staff at her stern, now skimmed along toward us, and as she came nearer we could recognize the uniforms of the officers of Humbert's staff, while the burly figure of the general himself was soon distinguishable in the midst of them.

As he stepped up the ladder, not a trace of displeasure could be seen on his broad, bold features. Greeting the assembled officers with a smile, he asked how the wind was.

"All fair and freshening at every moment," was the answer.

"May it continue!" cried he fervently. "Welcome a hurricane if it only waft us westward!"

The foresail filled out as he spoke, the heavy mass heaved over to the wind, and we began our voyage.

SONGS AND HYMNS OF LIFE. NO. I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs:
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'T was old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watchfire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O font! O world of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

Illustrated News.

TRUST IN GOD.

What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.

I KNOW not what thou dost; all, all seems dark!
Clouds of portentous blackness are o'erspread;
Wild billows dash upon my quivering bark,
The thunder's crash reverberates overhead,
Yet, Lord, I 'll trust thee in life's darkest hour,
My shield, my safeguard, and my strong high tower.

I know not what thou dost; yet I will wait
Till I behold thee in heaven's cloudless sky—
Till I shall reach that glory-circled state,
In whose bright radiance darkness melts away.
Then shall I read thy doings here below,
Inscribed in lines of light which ever glow.

I know not what thou dost; yet I will know,
And know to praise thee for my darkest days;
Though themes of sorrow seem thy doings now,
Yet they shall soon be turned to themes for praise;
Yes, I will trust thee till thou kindly pour
On me thy glory's coruscating shower.

I know not what thou dost; yet will I hope
In thee, till life's wild troubled stream be past;
Till heaven's fair portals on my vision ope,
Till immortality be o'er me cast;
Till glory on my wondering spirit break,
And glad fruition follow in its wake.

Oriental Baptist.

ENGLISH CRITICS ON AMERICAN SONGS.

How our familiar favorites and friends look, in perspective—judged of by those at a distance—is always curious and interesting. We know very well, in America, that Morris' songs spread wider, and are remembered longer, than any one's else; but to American *appreciation* we do not always find English *corroboration*. Here is an instance of it, however—part of an article on American Poetry, by S. C. HALL, from the "People's Journal."

Before us lies a heap of songs and ballads, the production of the rich fancy and warm heart of George P. Morris. Not many weeks since, at a public meeting in London, a gentleman claimed to be heard speak on the ground of his connection with the public press from the time when he was seven years of age. We will not undertake to say that General Morris ran his juvenile fingers over the chords of the lyre at so very early a period, but it is certain he tried his hand at writing for the newspapers when he was yet but a mere child. While in his teens he was a constant contributor to various periodicals. Many of his articles attracted notice. He began to acquire a literary reputation; and at length, in 1822, being then in his twentieth year, he became editor of the *New York Mirror*. This responsible post he continued to hold until the termination of that paper's existence in 1834.

Morris accomplished an infinity of good in the twenty years during which he wielded the editorial pen. Perhaps no other man in the United States was so well qualified for the noble task he set himself at the outset of his career as editor. American literature was in its infancy, and subject to all the weaknesses of that period. Morris resolved to do his utmost toward forming a character for it, and looked abroad anxiously for such as could aid him in his endeavor. The *Mirror* will ever be fondly remembered by the American literary man, for it has been the cradle of American genius. In it Willis, Fay, and many others whose names will not soon be forgotten, first tried their "'prentice hans'." In its pages clever artists of every kind were certain of a kind reception. Morris, indeed, appears to have been almost a universal genius. He saw the wants of his country—it had no literature, no drama, no school of painting. Morris vigorously girded up his loins, resolved to do his utmost to remedy all this. None had a sharper eye than he for the detection of latent talent, and none were more ready by sound counsel and otherwise to aid its possessor. A writer in *Graham's Magazine* (American) speaks warmly of Morris' perseverance and address in disciplining a corps of youthful writers; of the keen eye which could discern in some nameless manuscripts the promise of future power; of the firm and open temper which his example inspired into the relations of literary men with one another throughout the land; of the inestimable value to America of the singular variety and discursiveness of the intellectual sympathies of General Morris.

To him this writer attributes the present flourishing condition and bright prospects of transatlantic literature. He evidently possesses a personal knowledge of the renowned literary general, and discourses right eloquently in his praise. Nor do we think that he overrates his merits in the least. From other sources we have ourselves learned much of the genial nature of George P. Morris, and his gigantic labors as a literary pioneer. Considering its juvenility as a nation, republican America, indeed, has been amazingly prolific of good writers. The large share Morris has had in awakening the latent talent of his countrymen, must ever be to him a high source of gratulation. And then, as an original writer, he has won for himself a high place amongst literary Americans; he is, in fact, known throughout the States as "The Song-writer of America;" and we have the authority of Willis for stating that ninety-nine people out of a hundred—take them as they come in the census—would find more to admire in Morris' songs than in the writings of any other American poet. Willis also tells us, as a proof of the general's popularity with those shrewd, dollar-loving men, the publishers, that "he can at any time obtain fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for one shilling!" He is the best-known poet of the country by acclamation—not by criticism.

Morris seems to have had juster notions of what was required in a song than many who have achieved celebrity as song-writers in this country. "The just notion and office of the modern song" has been defined to be, the embodiment and expression in beauty of some thought or sentiment—gay, pensive, moral, or sentimental—which is as natural and appropriate in certain circumstances as the odor to the flower. Its graceful purpose is to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion, to communicate wisdom in the form of sentiment. A song should be the embodiment of some general feeling, and have reference to some season or occurrence.

It is not a very difficult thing to make words rhyme; some of the most unimaginative intellects we ever knew could do so with surprising facility. It is rare to find a sentimental miss or a lackadaisical master who cannot accomplish this *intellectual* feat, with the help of Walker's Rhyming Dictionary. As for love, why, every one writes about it now-a-days. There is such an abhorrence of the simple Saxon—such an outrageous running after outlandish phraseology, that we wonder folks are satisfied with this plain term.

We wonder they do not seek for an equivalent in high Dutch or in low Dutch, in Hungarian or in Hindostanee. We wish they would, with all our heart and soul. We have no objection, provided the heart be touched, that a head should produce a little of the stuff called "nonsense verses"—that this article should be committed to scented note-paper, and carefully sealed up with skewered hearts of amazing corpulence. God forbid that we should be thought guilty of a sneer at real affection!—far from it; such ever commands our reverence. But we do not find it in the noisy tribe of goslings green who would fain be thought of the nightingale species. Did the reader ever contemplate a child engaged in the interesting operation of sucking a lollipop?—we assure him that that act was dictated by quite as much of true sentiment as puts in action the fingers and wits of the generality of our young amatory poetasters.

We know of none who have written more charmingly of love than George P. Morris. Would to Apollo that our rhymesters would condescend to read carefully his poetical effusions! But they contain no straining after effect—no extravagant metaphors—no drivelling conceits; and so there is little fear of their being taken as models by those gentlemen. Let the reader mark the surpassing excellence of the love songs; their perfect naturalness; the quiet beauty of the similes; the fine

blending of graceful thought and tender feeling which characterize them. Morris is, indeed, the poet of home joys. None have described more eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection —of passion based upon esteem; and his fame is certain to endure while the Anglo-Saxon woman has a hearth-stone over which to repeat her most cherished household words.

Here is Morris' "Seasons of Love." Seldom have the benign effects of the passion been more felicitously painted :—

The spring time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way;
The sky, earth, and ocean,
In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
Is *couleur de rose*.

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove, and valley,
Their music impart;
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That 's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian summer,
The smile of the year;
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored;
And yields its own blessings—
Repose and reward.

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within;
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all the seasons
Of life for his own.

What simple tenderness is contained in the ballad of "We were boys together!" Every word in that beautiful melody comes home to the heart of him whose early days have been happy. God help those in whom this poem awakens no fond remembrances!—those whose memories it does not get wandering up the stream of life, toward its source; beholding at every step the sun smiling more brightly, the heavens assuming a deeper hue, the grass a fresher green, and the flowers a sweeter perfume. How wondrous are not its effects upon ourselves! The wrinkles have disappeared from our brow, and the years from our shoulders, and the marks of the branding-iron of experience from our heart; and again we are a careless child, gathering primroses, and chasing butterflies, and drinking spring water from out the hollow of our hands. Around us are the hedges "with golden gorse bright blossoming, as none bloom now-a-day." We have heard of death, but we know not what it is; and the word change has no meaning for us; and summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest, has each its unutterable joys. Alas! we can never remain long in this happy dream-land. Nevertheless, we have profited greatly by the journey. The cowslips and violets gathered by us in childhood shall be potent in the hour of temptation; and the cap of rushes woven for us by the kind hands in days gone by shall be a surer defence than a helmet of steel in the hour of battle. No, no; we will never disgrace our antecedents.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house near the heather,
In childhood where we met;
The humble home to memory dear,
Its sorrows and its joys;
Where woke the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air,
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care;
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys—
Foreshadowed in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We 're old men together—
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone for evermore.
How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys!

We regret we have not space to enter more largely into the merits of Morris; but there is one quality in his songs to which we cannot but direct attention—and this is their almost feminine purity. The propensities have had their laureates; and genius, alas! has often defiled its angel wings by contact with the sensual and the impure; but Morris has never attempted to robe vice in beauty; and, as has been well remarked, his lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush save that of pleasure.

From the Morning Chronicle, 14th November.

KINGS' SPEECHES AND PRESIDENTS' MESSAGES.

THEORIES of development are well-known in the domain of physics and theology, but they have not yet firmly allied themselves to constitutional history, or it would be an easier matter to follow the transformation of a King's Speech into a President's Message. There are, however, a few obvious stages of growth which may serve as landmarks to the student who is willing to bestow attention on a very unimportant subject. At the era of its origin, a king's speech was distinguished by the severest simplicity of guise, being merely the request of the shepherd for permission to shear his flock. The right royal oration of an Edward or a Henry demanded, with pregnant brevity, that the king's faithful commons would do their bounden duty by voting him a subsidy; and a good deal of not very creditable labor would be spared to prime ministers, if its modern counterpart were permitted to imitate with exactness so masculine a type. But the sheep acquired the bad habit of encumbering their answer to the pastoral solicitation with what they called a statement of grievances, and hence arose the second form of monarchical address. The gracious allocution of the Elizabeths, Jameses, and Charleses, is at once elaborate and plain-spoken. Running off occasionally into a dissertation on the divine right of kings, or diverging into an argument on the ancestral prerogative of English sovereigns, it nevertheless condescends to no indistinctness of phrase in the fulfilment of its main purpose. The king snubs the listening houses, and warns them from dangerous topics of debate. Mr. Speaker hearkens on his knees. The com-

mons troop back to their chamber, and proceed to vote that his majesty be humbly thanked for the paternal kindness of his language, but humbly requested to rid himself of evil counsellors. When the next phase of royal manifesto is disclosed, the great struggle has been consummated, and the sovereign has become the splendidly apparelled servitor of the victorious Parliament—sometimes trusted, sometimes not—occasionally influencing, but never commanding, his masters—in the externals of power a Charlemagne, in the reality a Charibert. The modern speech of a modern English monarch is, in reality, nothing at all, in the disguise of something very magnificent. Starting from the sublime, it gradually neared, and eventually reached, the ridiculous; and it was just at this last point of its history that it begat its legitimate descendant, the Presidential Message. In his famous anatomy of kings' speeches, Cobbett tells us that the latter is nothing more than the former, written in better English, and capable of an intelligible construction. Although, however, it be true that the authors of the American constitution intended the message they invented to be a more respectable sort of speech, such of them as possessed a head for theory assigned it a different office in the system of state. The executive being separate, in their view, from the legislature, the delivery of the message was the ceremony by which the former passed its accounts. It was to be the hand, laying a written statement of its doings before the head. Practically, however, it has been nothing of the kind. Both in France and in America the message operates most imperfectly as an instrument for giving republican publicity to administrative mysteries. But since we are justified for the most part in regarding it as the production of the individual from whom it purports to emanate—a personage of not less importance than a constitutional king—it is an interesting indication of the measure of ability, and of the description of character, which are exercised in the government of a great country.

Examined in this light, the document which appears in another part of our impression will repay attention. If it be compared with the manifestoes which have preceded it from the same hand, it seems to prove satisfactorily that the functions of active government are gradually educating Louis Napoleon into a ruler of more than average capacity. There is a sensible improvement in the tone, which is more distinct and sober than heretofore, and which points more decidedly to solidity of judgment in the writer. We have but few of those loosely framed collections of words whose paternity may be traced at first sight to Petion and his imitators; and we miss altogether the well-intended semi-socialist propositions which, to judge from his pamphlets, and even from his last message, constituted, until his elevation, the bulk of the president's intellectual convictions. A well-digested and compendious account of the material progress of France, in so far as it has been aided by the machinery of government, does credit to the author's powers of compression, and appears to show that his attention, if not his energies, has been occupied by the duties of a laborious position. We are not sure that the message possesses many merits besides these; and indeed it is the special defect of its class that very few, with the exception of these, can by any possibility belong to it. Although not so vague and unsatisfactory as a royal speech, a presidential message tells us everything which we can learn from other sources, and nothing which we can only learn from it. Quite apart from those extraordinary proceedings which have absorbed our notice during the last four months, a world of questions are suggested by what we read, to which it offers us not the semblance of an answer. The negotiations of M. De Persigny at Berlin, and the overtures recently made, or said to have been made, to the English cabinet on the subject of Denmark, are instances of mysteries which this document, in accordance with the republican theory, ought indubitably to resolve. Washington, Hamilton, and Adams, would most probably have declared that their disclosure was the exact object proposed to be attained by the solemn communication before us. But we read nothing more than a profession of sympathy with Denmark, and a promise of neutrality in the affairs of the German confederation. In the eight or ten columns which are filled by the message of an American president, we have noticed omissions quite as striking.

The passages of this document which the eye of the reader will seek with most anxiety are those, of course, which occur at its close. They illustrate, even more markedly than any other part of it, the contradictions between the actual message and the character which belongs to it in the terms of the constitution. In explanation of the unprecedented occurrences which have astonished Europe and alarmed France, we have not a word. The progresses of the autumn—the collision with Changarnier—the dissolution of the Bonapartist Club—are riddles as inexplicable as ever. Matters of equal importance to France, which would seem to demand allusion, though not explanation, at the hands of the executive chief—as, for instance, the death of Louis Philippe and the legitimist pilgrimage to Wiesbaden—are without the place which they would occupy in the more meagre address of a constitutional king. To compensate for these *lacunæ*, we have an anomaly which would have thrown Siéyes into an agony of consternation. The President, who gives no account of his past conduct, gives us an ample sketch of his future policy, in so far as it will be affected by his individual interests. This, although the most irregular, is by far the most interesting and important portion of the whole. It is unmistakably indicated that Louis Napoleon relinquishes all hope and design of establishing himself in his powers by direct action upon the country.

The gift of prolonged office he promises to accept from no hands but those of the united conservatives; and he hints that he will merit it as the prize of uninterrupted service in their cause, and of unflagging hostility to their red republican antagonists. It is even more remarkable that he points to the machinery of the constitution as affording the means of rewarding him, and suggests that a constituent assembly might extend the time of his incumbency, even though it should meet no earlier than 1852. How the object can be reconciled with the method, so as to save the text of the fundamental law, is not intimated by his language—it may be that the obscurity is designed.

From the Times, 11 Oct.

DIPLOMACY—NICARAGUA.

Diplomatic intercourse between England and the United States of America is necessarily upon a footing differing entirely from that upon which, hitherto, the intercourse between the chief European states has been conducted. The United States, though bound together by a solemn compact in the character of so many sovereign communities, are known to the comity of nations only as one state, corresponding directly through the president of the confederacy with other nations. But the president by himself cannot bind and make responsible the people in whose name he addresses foreign communities. His acts must be confirmed and sanctioned in a certain form by the Senate of the United States, which thus becomes virtually the negotiating instrument of the Union. But the Senate is a numerous body, owing its existence to popular election, and great difficulties are likely to arise if under existing circumstances present and temporary secrecy is required. England, on the contrary, gives to the sovereign nominally the whole power of negotiating and entering into and ratifying treaties. Parliament has, indeed, a virtual control, but while negotiations are pending no power constitutionally can force the sovereign to reveal what is going on.

There are more practical consequences from this formal theory than at first sight appear. The letter of the constitution very much influences the manner of proceeding and the conduct of Parliament. That a day of responsibility must come is known to all concerned, but a large discretion is for a time given, and this discretion is for that time complete. No meddling is countenanced, no prying into pending negotiations is permitted; men of all parties concur in maintaining this rule, and are none the less severe when the day of reckoning comes. But the Senate of the United States appoints a committee of foreign relations, and as the formal consent of the Senate is necessary to ratify all treaties with foreign states, and the treaty is not complete till, in fact, this consent is given, the Senate requires to be informed pending negotiations of the whole circumstances connected with the transaction in question.

The peculiar form of the American constitution being taken into consideration by foreign nations, they wisely and willingly modify their own rules so as to make negotiation with the United States not only possible, but as far as possible safe and easy. Foreign ministers confide in the discretion of the secretary of state for foreign affairs in the cabinet of Washington, and he again confides in the honor and discretion of the Senate and of his own immediate functionaries. Secrets confided to many persons are not often scrupulously kept. Still men trained to official business, and under the dominion of honorable sentiments, can generally be found by the secretary to act as his subordinates; and if a man be elected into the Senate of the United States, we have every reason to believe that he has gained that high position by exhibiting to his fellow-citizens through life a character distinguished not only by integrity, but by discretion.

The general result does not belie these expectations; nevertheless, from time to time startling incidents occur in the intercourse of the United States with foreign powers, which are not in accordance with the dictates either of prudence or right feeling; and we are always anxious to point out these apparent deviations from the right path, in order, first, to be assured of the fact if it have really occurred, or to be set right if we be misinformed; and also, in the second place, to call the attention of the American people to the case, because we are sure that all the right-minded men among them would complain as much as we should do of any indiscretion or misconduct in a matter so delicate and important as a negotiation with a foreign, though friendly, power.

These observations have been called forth by the appearance some time since in the American papers of a communication purporting to be a letter from a diplomatic servant of the United States, addressed to the chairman of the committee of the Senate on foreign relations, which letter related to matters of great importance and of exceeding delicacy connected with the mutual proceedings of Great Britain and the United States respecting Central America, and the great communication about to be established between the Pacific and Atlantic seas. Of the peculiar statements of this letter, many of which we have every reason to believe are misrepresentations, we are not at present about to speak. But the mere fact that such a letter was written calls for severe reprehension, and will meet with it doubtless so soon as the circumstances are fairly laid before the American people.

Central America since the discovery of the mineral wealth of California has risen into immediate and great importance. Every one who has ever given attention to the probable destiny both of our Australian colonies and of the western coast of the two Americas must have foreseen that the day was not far distant when a successful attempt would be made to establish a practicable communication between the two great oceans over the narrow strip of land which divides them. The discovery of the steam-engine and railroads only rendered this the more certain; the mines of California have only given an immediate motive to proceed with the undertaking. But such a communication was naturally a subject of jealousy among the nations, for if any one were to get possession of it to the exclusion of all others, a most unjust and dangerous monopoly would thereby be created. The two governments of America and Great Britain have, in perfect good faith and mutual good-will, discussed this question, and a treaty with respect to it has been entered into; the common understanding being that our relations with the States of Central America should be of the same description, and that neither government should acquire rights or privileges in the dominions of those states to the exclusion of the other; and there appears to have been a very frank and friendly intercourse between the representative of our government at Washington and the Secretary of State, Mr. Webster, on this subject. From the constitution of the United States, as above described, it was necessary that the Senate should be made cognizant of all that occurred; and, in order to obtain all the information needed by them, the committee on foreign relations summoned before them Mr. Squier, who, as minister, or chargé des affaires, had represented the United States in Central America. This person, being examined by the committee sitting in secret, and all the transactions, relating as they did to pending negotiations, being also deemed secret, writes a letter to the chairman of the committee, Mr. Foot, and *publishes* it. The statements of a

person in a confidential station assume from that fact importance; he is believed to know more than is known to the public, and his assertions are considered as almost like authorized communications, and if false, as many of them in this instance were, great mischief may follow. But the most serious and lasting evil will fall upon the United States. For the present we put aside all consideration of the merits of the particular matter, and only insist on the gross impropriety of such a proceeding on the part of a diplomatic servant of the state. Seeing such things possible, foreign nations will stand aloof, and be unwilling to meet the government of the United States with the frank and cordial spirit which ought to exist between great and friendly powers. They will say, "We cannot trust your authorities, and no negotiator will be willing to risk his own reputation and his country's interests by confiding his plans and proposals to the diplomatic representatives of the United States." However powerful, however astute the people of the United States may consider themselves, they may be assured that they can never with safety neglect the good old principles of good faith and honesty. They may outwit one people or one negotiator, but they can never outwit the whole world; and we should have thought that as a nation they had already seen reason to trust to the truth of the old proverb, that honesty is the best policy. Sharp practice may be looked upon as a good joke between low attorneys, but between great nations such conduct is a calamity to mankind. In this case, indeed, we must believe that the fault is that of the individual, and we expect to see signal punishment follow this grave offence. The misconduct will otherwise be connected as a natural result in men's minds with American institutions, and the real sufferers will consequently be the Americans themselves.

From the Daily News, 13 Nov.

PRUSSIA'S TRUE POLICY.

We stated very fully yesterday the dangers, and the very formidable combination of forces which menace Prussia, and exhorted our government to interfere, not, indeed, between the two rival German powers, but against the pretensions of Russia to march through Berlin to the conquest of Holstein, under leave of the London protocol. The resistance of Schleswig Holstein, and the integrity of Denmark, form but the stalking horse, behind which the absolutism of Russia and Austria advances to the extermination of the liberal party and liberal ideas in Prussia. And England ought to settle that question, without allowing the continent to be convulsed or overwhelmed by it.

But whilst thus admitting that Prussia may be assailed by an amount of force more than double that of her own, and strongly advising England and France by all the means in their power to avert such an invasion, we see but one course for Prussia, if invaded, and that is, manly and determined resistance. If Prussia should either quietly suffer such invasion, or stoop to any base or dishonorable submission to escape it, Prussia perishes as a monarchy and as a separate nation. And it is not only more honorable, but more prudent, as affording chances and claims of future resuscitation, for a nation to perish with arms in its hands, than be kicked and crushed out of existence by the boot of a military despot.

The *Times*, which regards the possible contest with the information and the confidence of the Austro-Russian league, declares that Prussia cannot resist; that any appeal to the liberal party or feeling in Germany cannot save it; and that the campaign and the struggle will be decided purely by strategy and numbers. Fortune, said Napoleon, is always on the side of large battalions.

His own experience, however, sufficiently disproved the *dictum* of Napoleon. A campaign in a country roused by hatred towards the invaders, and by spirit to resist them, is very different from a campaign amidst a neutral or indifferent population. With her numerous fortresses, her ample materials of war, her universally armed and disciplined population, Prussia may carry on a defensive war. If the surface of the country be flat, it is still intersected by waters, and studded with strongly fortified towns. The Prussian commander, whoever he may be, must know that he has for antagonists two powers, one of which, indeed both, are utterly bankrupt in finances, and therefore incapable of a lengthened campaign, much less of a long and hard-fought war. He must know, too, that the very facts of such an invasion and its cause would arouse the German, the Polish, the Italian mind, as well perhaps as French ambition. Every week during which such a war would be prolonged would bring strength to the liberal and weakness to the absolutist camp.

In order, however, to make such a war, it would not do to make a mere war of strategy. In a mere manœuvring of armies a skilful general may make the smaller number victorious, but the chances are in favor, as Napoleon said, of the *gros battalions*. In a war of principle, a national war, it is quite otherwise. But to render the war this, Prussia should frankly hoist the liberal or constitutional standard. It should appeal to feelings which it has sorely hurt, and to parties which it has mercilessly crushed. We do not, of course, allude to the extreme democrats, whom it would be hopeless and idle to conciliate. But there are moderate men in Germany who would demand a frank declaration of what cause they were called upon to enter into a deadly and determined war.

We are perfectly convinced that the King of Prussia and his brother have it in their power to issue a proclamation which would cause every German arrayed against them to fling down his arms. Look at the miserable and mock kings that are raising this crusade, opposed by their chambers and by public opinion, every one of them obliged to tread out the last vestige of a constitution, and unable to levy a stiver but by the aid of bayonets. Then Wurtemberg, Saxony, Hanover, and the Franconian portion of Bavaria are just as disaffected as Hesse. If Prussia raised boldly the constitutional and German banner, half the armies of her German opponents would pass to her side. But, we repeat, a war of mere strategy will not do this. If Prussia is to fight and to be victorious, Prussia must fight, not as an army, but as a nation —and a nation conscious that it fights not merely for a dynasty, however duly honored, but for the rights, the ideas, and the objects, which have grown with German mind and German might, and which can neither in triumph nor in degradation be separated from them.

From the Examiner, 16 Nov.

THE GERMAN QUARREL.

To fight, or not to fight. That is the question which now agitates all Germany. There stand the two great powers, Austria and Prussia, squaring their fists at each other; each hoping to frighten his opponent by his own fierce look and bullying attitude. But before the set-to begins, we shall doubtless have time to run over the causes, hidden and apparent, of the quarrel; as well as to scan the condition and qualities of the combatants, and calculate the difficulties which each has to contend with, and the chances he has of success.

Everybody knows that the Hohenzollerns are but *parvenus* among the great powers of Europe. They owe their rise to the talents, perseverance, and unscrupulous ambition of several princes; but above all of Frederick—as great a robber as any other of the great conquerors whom the world worships. He found 5,000,000 and left 16,000,000 Prussians. The mediatized princes and secularized bishoprics of a later epoch furnished more and more fat offerings as a prey to the Prussian Eagle. The peace of 1815 again saw Prussia on the conquering side, loudly demanding compensation for the sufferings and degradation she had endured; and a large share of Saxony and rich possessions on the Rhine hardly satisfied her voracity. Since that time, the industrious population of Prussia has used the long interval of peace to improve and enrich itself beyond that of any other part of Germany. Its government, if not liberal, has been prudent, enlightened, active, and successful. Education has been forced upon the commonality; trade and commerce have been encouraged by freedom of intercourse; arts and letters have been protected; and the learned and wise raised to honor and distinction. The finances of Prussia have been well cared for, and the debt reduced to very reasonable bounds. A fine army has been organized, and a militia (Landwehr) system introduced, by which every citizen must serve three years in the regular army, and till the age of fifty is always subject to military service. The people of Prussia have meanwhile waxed fat and insolent on all this prosperity. They look down on all other Germans, particularly the Bavarians and Austrians, with sovereign contempt, and are cordially hated in return.

In the great tornado of 1848, Prussia, after two or three days' good fighting, managed to trim her boat, and, by sailing with the wind, weathered the storm. She could even throw out a rope to some of her shipwrecked neighbors, to which they clung with all the desperation of half-drowned wretches as they were.

The federal constitution of Germany, as represented by the Diet of Frankfort, could hardly be expected to escape the universal shock; and nowhere was it felt more severely. By the consent of *all parties*, although the confederation remained, the Federal Diet was declared forever abolished; and delegates were summoned from each state to meet and concoct some new scheme of government. This assembly was presided over by an Archduke of Austria; but at last, after debating for some months, it dissolved itself without having accomplished anything. At this moment everything was in the greatest confusion in Germany. Austria lay prostrate, with the victorious Hungarians threatening her capital; most of the smaller princes existed only by Russian protection; and many had accepted Russian garrisons to guard them from their own subjects. Austria, yielding to the spirit of the time, offered the democratic constitution of the 14th of March, by which all her states were to take part in one common diet. Whereupon Prussia, taking advantage of the weakness of her rival and neighbor, proposed to form a union of German states to the exclusion of Austria, which she characterized as no longer German, now that Italians, Hungarians, and Sclaves were to form the majority of her ruling body.

This move succeeded. Almost all the states joined the union, and Germany seemed bound hand and foot in the power of Prussia. As the king observed, "Prussia would be absorbed in Germany," which meant that Germany would be Prussia. Gloze it over as we will, the desire of one German prince to aggrandize himself at the expense of another, is neither more nor less than the desire of the pickpocket to appropriate the purse of the careless passer-by. It is possible that were England a party concerned we might not see quite so clearly. We don't pretend that our eyes are not as blind, when convenient, as those of our neighbors. As it is, we see the dishonesty clearly enough, and we cannot help saying so.

Russia came to the help of Austria, Hungary was reduced, and Austria again raised her head and tried to make her voice heard among the nations. Prince Schwartzenberg made truly the fairest offers, the most liberal-sounding propositions. One by one he seduced from the union the most powerful of its supporters. Saxony, Wurtemberg, Hanover, and a host of lesser satellites, fell off from Prussia, and grouped themselves round the imperial throne. Austria generously offered to throw open all the commerce of her dependencies to German industry. She would join the confederation with all her states, and would yet be satisfied to occupy only an equal place with Prussia. Her proposal, too, for recalling the old diet to life—though it had so lately been voted dead—was modestly stated to be only for the sake of remodelling it on a new and popular basis. One could hardly help sympathizing now with this fair-spoken Austria, just recovering from her death-wound, and already extending her protection to feeble neighbors. One could hardly help feeling glad that the greedy and selfish ambition of Prussia was disappointed of its prey. For, as to the minor states, they were as well off with the one as with the other. Austria had succeeded in detaching the minor states from Prussia, by assuring their princes that they might under her ægis safely set their people at defiance, and get rid of the troublesome constitutions they had granted them; just as Prussia had first attached them to her car by offering securities at the least possible expense of popular concession. They sold themselves first to Prussia for the sake of maintaining as much power as they then could; they then sold themselves to Austria on the offer of a still greater share; and they would sell themselves to Russia to-morrow could they hope from her protection to achieve the blessings of perfect absolutism.

To those, however, who knew Prince Schwartzenberg, or Austria, all the specious promises and all the liberal seemings were but cobwebs set to catch heedless flies. The truth soon began to appear in the conduct of those who had accepted Austrian protection. Here a liberal ministry was changed, there a troublesome parliament dissolved, till at last the King of Saxony, protected by an

Austrian army on the frontiers, boldly declared his constitution void, and everything restored to the state it was in before 1848. That tremendous year was to be obliterated from the pages of history. The Elector of Hesse soon sought to follow the example of the King of Saxony, and Wurtemberg has since been advancing in the same course. The Diet of Frankfort, too, now assumes a tone of authority, and insists on obedience to all its decisions. Although every member of the confederation agreed to its dissolution, and resolved that as representative of the confederation it was forever abrogated, Austria now imperiously claims all its former rights and privileges.

In the mean time, the two great questions of German policy served to embroil matters still deeper. Holstein and Schleswig, provinces chiefly inhabited by Germans, but united to Denmark by the treaties of 1815, becoming animated by the spirit of nationality which has exerted such immense influence on the minds of men for the last few years, demanded a separation from Denmark. Holstein, by treaty, forms part of the German Confederation, while Schleswig does not. Both provinces now desired to be German; and excited by Prussia, which hoped to unite them to its own dominions, and thus obtain the key of the Baltic for Germany, they rose in arms against their sovereign. This was no question of liberalism or absolutism, but a question of nationality. Germany, and especially Prussia, was interested in establishing the German character of the two provinces, and their independence of a non-German power; while the other maritime powers of Europe, particularly England and Russia, were interested in preventing Germany from obtaining a position on the Baltic, which would enable her to close that sea at will. That Lord Palmerston has been right throughout, in this matter, both in an English point of view, and as supported by treaties, there can be no doubt; though we cannot help lamenting the bad company into which it has brought him, and the odium which some of the Germans have cast on England in consequence. Prussia, finding herself supported only by the German liberals, of whom she has no slight horror except when she needs them as tools, at last yielded, and withdrew the troops she had placed in Holstein; but she nevertheless allowed sympathizers in many thousands to pass over to the aid of the Holsteiners. She may have kept her engagements to the word, but to the sense she has not done so. She has in secret still fomented a war which by treaty she was bound to put down.

The affairs of Hesse, on the other hand, stand on a totally different ground. The Hessian Diet wished to adhere to the Prussian Union. The Elector changed his ministry, deserted the Union, and re-formed the Diet of Frankfort. Then, stimulated and supported by promises from Prussia, the Hessians insisted on the dismissal of the obnoxious ministers, and refused the supplies. The Elector fled; and, finding that neither the civil nor military power would obey his orders, he threw himself into the arms of the Diet of Frankfort, and demanded their assistance. Nevertheless, parliaments and people having no existence in the eyes of the diplomatist, and treaties and compacts being made only in the name of princes and their ambassadors, Prussia had no *diplomatic* right to interfere where her assistance was not asked for. Her right to use a road through the country as an excuse for occupying it is but a quibble. It is true she might have assumed the proud position of Protector of justice and right, but such was not her policy. She has cautiously avoided acknowledging the justice of the Hessian people's resistance; but still for her own purposes, as the Austrian manifesto truly enough says, "without the pretence even of any foundation of right, but merely from considerations of political convenience and so-called interests of state," she has occupied a part of the Electorate, while the troops of the Confederation have seized another. And so the opposing forces were brought at last within gun-shot of each other.

But hereupon, at this pleasant conjuncture, both parties were summoned to the footstool of their master, the Czar, to render an account of their stewardship. The matter was decided to the satisfaction of the Austrian. Prussia bowed her head, and prepared to submit in silence and in sorrow. Radowitz was dismissed because he demanded preparations for war, and the Prince Brandenburg fell sick and died of the shame to which his fatherland was forced to submit. Prussia then humbly requested Austria to open the free conference which had been agreed on for the reconstruction of a German Confederative Government, and begged that in the mean time she would cease her warlike preparations. But Austria had grown insolent from her success. Hungary had been subdued by Russia, Austrian soldiers boasted of their valor and their victories, and now Russia had forced Prussia to give up her ambitious schemes. Austrian diplomatists crowed over the fallen victim, and fancied they had struck the last fatal blow.

In answer to Prussia's reasonable demand, and after arrival of the news at Vienna of the retirement of Radowitz, Schwartzenberg offered as an ultimatum to open the conferences, on condition of Prussia's dissolving the union, acknowledging the acts of the Diet, and withdrawing her troops from Hesse, Hamburg, and Baden, within a specified time. The *Wiener Zeitung*, too, the official paper, published a manifesto, in which the peccadilloes of Prussia were held up to public scorn in the most aggravated manner. Austria's determination to carry out the decisions of the Diet by force was moreover confirmed by the announcement that 76,000 additional troops had been called out, that the reserve battalions had been summoned, and the border regiments made mobile. Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony, were at the same time announced as equally active in preparation for war. So bullying an answer to the Prussian offers of peace had its instant effect. Prussia has called her sons to arms, and every man under the age of thirty-nine in the whole of the Prussian dominions is now a soldier. Frightful as this burthen must be on an industrious and peaceful population, it has been assumed with an enthusiasm which may well make Austria tremble. The cold insolence of Napoleon to their much-loved queen, even the worst oppressions of France, did not produce a greater feeling of patriotism in the Prussians than Prince Schwartzenberg's uncalled-for impertinence.

And now let us look at the condition of the two combatants. The Austrian army is said to amount to 500,000 men, though it is not much more than half that number, and we doubt if it could send 100,000 into the field. Should Russia, as is reported, occupy Hungary and Gallicia, another 50,000, or even 100,000, may be disposable. In

the mean time, however, troops must be maintained in the Papal states, in Tuscany, and in Parma, as well as in Lombardy, or the peace of Italy could not be kept a day. Vienna is discontented, Bohemia cannot be left without a garrison, and nowhere can the people be called to arms without threatening the safety of the state. In the army itself, too, are from 60,000 to 80,000 Honveds. Should Prussia take into her service any of the Hungarian exiled generals, there is not a man of these Honveds but would flock to his standard the moment it was raised. The finances of Austria, too, are in such a state that she cannot obtain a loan in any part of Europe; and on the outbreak of hostilities there is great danger that the taxes would be refused both in Italy and Hungary. National bankruptcy would follow as a matter of course.

We know that for a short campaign an army may depend on forced supplies either in their own or an enemy's country; but this war, if once begun, will be no short one. Prussia could raise a loan to-morrow on favorable conditions. No state in Europe is so slightly indebted in proportion to its resources as Prussia; and her credit is such, that, a few months ago, while travellers were paying 5*l*. per cent. for gold in Austria, they were often unable to obtain Prussian paper in equal exchange. Prussia has great disadvantages in her geographical position, so scattered and exposed as her provinces are; and the removal of so many hands from labor will be a sad blow to her industry. But a contented population, a well supplied exchequer, strong fortresses, and 400,000 men determined to fight for their fatherland, will take some time to put down, and may make Prince Schwartzenberg bitterly repent his Quixotic undertaking.

We have not reckoned the troops of the allies of Austria, for, unless their countries are occupied by Austrians, there is not one, except Bavaria, that will dare to march a man. The Hessian army is disbanded, and there can be no doubt they will join the Prussians. The Diet of Wurtemberg has refused money for the war, and the Saxons are not to be trusted for a day. If Prussia raises the banner of moderate freedom, against absolutism and Russian interference, she will no doubt have the aid of thousands from every part of Germany, as well as the good-will of all Europe. Let her move her well-paid and well-disciplined troops where she will, she will be in a friendly country; while the ill-paid, plundering Austrians will find an enemy at every step.

The character of the monarchs who occupy the great thrones of Germany render the maintenance of peace more difficult than it would be were these countries sufficiently advanced in constitutional government to render the individuality of the monarch a matter of indifference to the policy of the country. The King of Prussia is the creature of impulse and feeling. In religion a visionary enthusiast, he mixes up his conscience with all manner of matters with which it has nothing to do, and manages to sanctify an unscrupulous ambition by dreams of traditional policy and Prussian patriotism. He is determined, even rash in council, but vacillating in action. He is one of those men who seldom say a silly thing, and never do a wise one.

The Emperor of Austria, though a young man, is by no means deficient in talent or information. Very many months have not passed since the Hungarians were enthusiastic in their admiration of him, when, at the installation of the Palatine, he answered Kossuth in an extempore speech in Magyar. Bright hopes were then formed by that gallant nation for their future king. He is accustomed to business, and is said to apply to it with energy. Since he ascended the throne, however, he has been surrounded by soldiers. Soldiers are his friends, his companions, his advisers. It is no wonder, then, that continually excited by such society, with an immense army before his eyes, and flattered by the foolish old King of Wurtemberg with the title of leader of Germany, the traditions of imperial power should cross his fancy, and the hope of reducing the kingdom of Prussia to an electorate of Brandenburg stimulate him to war. Bavaria is also egging him on by every means in her power, partly from jealousy, and partly from the desire to repossess her favorite province the Palatinate, the loss of which has reduced her to a very second-rate position.

Such is the state of Europe. Blood has already been shed, and before another week, all Germany may be engaged in a desperate war; in which case, to Prince Schwartzenberg and his insolent, overbearing policy the result will have to be attributed. English sympathies will no doubt be given to Prussia, if Prussia shows that she deserves it. For her court there can be no sympathy—for her ambitious longings there can be no sympathy. But if she honestly takes up the Constitutional Cause, she will have not only our prayers and hopes, but those of the good and honest throughout the whole of Europe. What will be the termination of such a conflict no human eye can see; but, far removed as England is from the seat of war, we doubt much if she will be able to escape all participation in it, should it once fairly break out.

From the Times of Nov. 18.

COST OF ARMING EUROPE.

If anything were wanting to justify even a fanatical horror of war, it would be the aspect of Europe at this moment. Such a scene as Austerlitz, or Borodino, or Leipsic, or such a story as that of the Peninsular war, is horrible and appalling, but, coming in the midst of angry passions and bloody retaliations, it imposes on the reason with a show of necessity, and drags the soul down into the animosities of the struggle. In the present instance there is neither reason nor provocation. Europe is under arms without any assignable cause. Two great empires, speaking the same language, not only neighboring, but even intermixed, members of an ancient confederation, and with the same real interests, are bringing into the field against one another, not only every soldier, but almost every man capable of bearing arms. Prussia has called out her militia from every village and town, and put them in motion from one end of her straggling possessions to the other. Austria has summoned to the points of collision the tribes that guard and disquiet her semi-barbarous frontiers. On either side, France and Russia are ready to pour hundreds of thousands into the arena, should the game once begin. But what is there for two million armed men to decide that could not be settled by two men of peace? What is there for a hundred and fifty millions of human beings to become "enemies" about? Mr. Cobden tells a story of a boy at Captain Siborne's exhibition, who puzzled his

father with the question "What the battle of Waterloo was fought about?" The father might, at all events, have answered that it concluded the longest and most terrible war, and introduced the longest and most beneficial peace, the world has yet seen. But what account can be given of the present general arming that the most intelligent child would be likely to understand? One thing at least, is very clear—that the greater part of the evil is produced by itself. Army provokes army, and the rivalry is only bounded by the inability of the population to produce more armed men; so that, if it be asked why Europe is armed, the best reason, after all, that can be given is, "Because it *is* armed."

The stay-at-home inhabitants of this blessed isle can hardly conceive what it is to live under a military empire, in fact, in any one of the four great powers of Europe. Our army is comparatively small, and half of it is always out of the way. Though it presses rather heavily on the purse, it does not offend the sense or demoralize society to anything like the extent the foreign armies do. We have not several thousand soldiers lounging about every considerable town, getting into all kinds of mischief, and becoming more and more unfit for any honest or useful occupation. We do not see our villages emptied of ablebodied men, and the laborious works of husbandry left to women of all ages, working under the orders of husbands or fathers who have spent the best years of their life in military service, and are as disqualified as they are indisposed for agricultural labor. All this may be seen abroad anywhere, from the Bay of Biscay to the Caspian Sea. On a former occasion we have described what any man may see a day's journey from this metropolis, in the magnificent old cities of Rhenish Prussia; but, as Mr. Cobden has just dashed it off with his usual felicity in his Wrexham speech, we think it common justice to take his description. "Four millions of men—the flower of Europe—from twenty to thirty-three years of age, are under arms, living in idleness. There are no men in the country parts there; the women are doing their farm work, toiling up to their knees in manure, and amidst muck and dirt, at the age of thirty and forty. They may be seen thus employed, tanned and haggard, and looking hardly like the fair sex. They do this that the muscle and strength of the country may be clothed in military coats, and may carry muskets on their shoulders—a scandal to a civilized and a Christian age." We can answer for it from the evidence of our senses that this is no exaggeration, and, as it only aims to give one aspect of the fact, so it only gives half its horrors. If it be inquired why the countrywomen on the continent are so ill-favored, masculine, and coarse, compared with our own village girls and dames, or why foreign husbandry continues in so primitive and barbarous a state, or why the poor villagers are content with such humble fare, or why the statistics of the foreign cities prove so fearful an amount of demoralization, or, lastly, why foreign populations are so prone and apt to arms, and so formidable in insurrection, one answer is sufficient for all these questions, and that is, that nearly the whole population are early kidnapped, so to speak, from useful employments, to be crowded in garrisons and cities and pampered in idleness, to practise every vice, and forget every useful and honorable accomplishment.

The cost of the vast operations we now witness in Germany is too great and too manifold to admit of any estimate. We may know what the Prussian Landwehr is paid to be idle, and what it costs in meat, drink, and clothing. But it can never be known how much that country will lose by the sudden withdrawal of some hundred thousand men from the fields just at the time when they are wanted to prepare for next year's harvest. To similar causes may be ascribed the numerous famines which have accompanied war, and dealt more destruction than the sword and the spear. Thus, while these nations are increasing their debts, they are still more curtailing their powers of production. While there are more to be fed, there are fewer to feed. Yet all this happens in a time of peace, with nothing but the threat and apprehension of war. Germany is, as yet, only fighting with a shadow. There is no quarrel but what may be settled in amicable conference, and need never have arisen. At present the real quarrel is a rivalry of armaments—which shall show most men. The only check on so foolish a competition is a general agreement to reduce these excessive preparations. When the Russian and German powers next meet at Warsaw, they will set themselves right with the world, and do much to redeem the credit of kings, if they agree to reduce their armies in a certain proportion, or to keep only a certain quantity of troops under arms. This might be done, for it has been done frequently. The path of peace once entered, there may soon be a rivalry in this direction as great as that which is hurrying myriads to a cruel and fratricidal war. England and France have already effected large reductions during the last year, and may effect more; why should they not press on the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian governments the wisdom of following their example before they stumble into a war which this generation may not live to see the end of?

From the Times, 19 Nov.

UNION OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

THE most important of the stipulations put forward by the Austrian government, in its recent proposals for the restoration and reform of the Germanic Confederation, is the demand of the Cabinet of Vienna to annex to the confederation those parts of the imperial dominions (with the exception of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom) which have never yet been included in it. All the crown lands of the empire, extending to Gallicia, Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, and the Dalmatian coast would thereby become German territory. No doubt, such a scheme involves a change in the political condition of a considerable part of Central Europe, and calls for the dispassionate consideration not only of Germany, but of the other European powers which took a part in the territorial definition of the Germanic body at the congress of Vienna. If on the one hand it increases the relative magnitude of Austria to her confederates, it may facilitate the concession of some corresponding security to their independence and influence. But we are inclined to think that, upon the whole, such a change ought to be regarded as favorable to all the interests of the parties most directly concerned in it, and no less consistent with the view which an enlightened English policy may take of German affairs.

The Austrian government has insisted on this proposal because the constitution of the 4th of March, and the whole policy by which the present imperial ministers are actively and laboriously en-

deavoring to regenerate the empire, rest upon the principle of fusion and consolidation. They are endeavoring to assimilate and combine the provinces of the empire by uniform laws, obligations, and privileges, and to awaken by practical measures of union that national spirit which has hitherto been confined in Austria to the ranks of the army and to the loyalty of the several states of the empire to the person of the sovereign. That sentiment of loyalty may be shaken, and military organization cannot permanently uphold the fabric of a great nation. The time is come when Austria must owe her power and importance in the rank of European states to the political combination and national attachment she may infuse into her subjects by common interests and common rights. Hence it becomes an essential part of her present policy to abolish those lines of commercial and political exclusion which rendered the neighboring portions of her own dominions foreign to each other; though the measures she has taken at home to unite her possessions have been used as an argument by her rivals and antagonists in Germany for her total exclusion from the effective union of German states. To that pretension Austria replies by the offer to include her whole dominions within the federal limits of Germany.

Such a proposal can only be entertained as a matter of policy and agreement, not of right. Prussia, indeed, would have the less reason to object to it, as one of her first acts in the disturbances of 1848 was to throw her own extra-federal possessions—the province of Prussia Proper, and the Polish Grand Duchy of Posen—into the confederation. But the change proposed by Austria deserves greater consideration from its magnitude. The mere diversity of race and language in these provinces is not, we think, any serious or valid objection to their admission within the federal pale. In fact, the popular character of Bohemia, of Lusatia, and great part of Silesia is as un-German as that of many parts of Transylvania and Hungary; but in all these regions, the dominant principle on which the government rests has for ages been German. It is the connection of these states with Germany and their allegiance to German powers which constitute their chief political importance. They have received from Germany a large portion of the civilization they possess, and, in return, they have gallantly participated in all the great struggles of Germany for conquest and for independence. If the military interests of the whole Germanic body are to be considered as the first condition of the independence and security of all the German states, it is impossible to draw any line of division between the different military populations of Austria. In the event of a great struggle between Germany and her neighbors to the east or to the west, she can ill afford to dispense with the service of those martial tribes which inhabit the confines of the Austrian monarchy. Practically speaking, those troops are as much the soldiers of the confederation as the Landwehr on the Rhine, and it is upon the union of all these forces that the strength of the nation depends. But, in peace, the admission of these territories to the facilities of intercourse and trade, which ought to prevail throughout the confederation, would be a still greater benefit. They have been termed in derision "the backwoods of Germany;" but can anything be more useful to a densely peopled country than the existence of immense regions thinly inhabited, fruitful in their soil, with great similarity of climate, and a complete facility of access? The German colony at Hermanstadt, which dates from the 13th century, is still a model of what may be accomplished by an industrious people in a land so favored by nature; and the proposal to open the entire territory of Hungary to German immigration, by making that country an integral part of a confederation of which Germany is herself the heart, is obviously to encourage the greatest conquest of territory that can be effected by industry, by capital, and by peace. The impolitic and unjust separation which has been perpetuated for so many centuries between the German and non German dominions of Austria has been equally injurious to her provincial and to her national interests.

As far as the policy of this country is concerned in its relation with these subjects, we can conceive no objection to any plan calculated to promote the strength and civilization of the Germanic body to its furthest extremities, and which would lead to the establishment of a more extensive system of commercial intercourse and of military defence; for, by strengthening the interests of the German people in the east, we should probably contribute to increase the wealth and to secure the independence of that portion of Europe. The Russian cabinet, which might more reasonably oppose such an augmentation of the strength of its immediate neighbor, is understood to have acceded to it at Warsaw, and the only serious impediment is the jealousy of a certain party in Germany to whatever looks like an increase of Austrian influence. It is not, however, required or proposed that Austrian and Prussian influence should rank in the confederation precisely in the numerical proportion of their respective populations, and they stand by right on a footing of equality. To speak correctly, Austria would probably not owe to this change any addition to her influence in Germany, but the German people would obtain a far more direct and positive interest in the dominions of Austria.

We are not, however, insensible to the extreme difficulty of carrying into effect political changes of this magnitude, at a time when jealousy, irritation, and fear have so large a share in the councils of statesmen, and when no commanding authority exists to execute the most essential reforms in the constitution of Germany. We can only point with approbation to those objects which appear to us to bear the stamp of an enlarged and liberal policy, by removing provincial barriers and by connecting the most uncivilized parts of Europe with the general interests of a people advancing in industry and freedom. On that ground we should be inclined to view the extension of the federal rights of Germany to the whole Austrian empire, north of the Alps, as a step in civilization and peace, and we trust that the influence of our own government may be used rather to promote than to obstruct it.

From the Spectator, 16th November.

INDIA.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce, after sundry fruitless attempts to prevail upon government to send a commission to India for the purpose of inquiring into the state and prospects of cotton cultivation there, have made up their minds to send a commissioner of their own.

The chamber have been happy in their choice of a commissioner. Mr. Mackay, upon whom their choice has fallen, is favorably known to a pretty numerous public by his work on America.

He has had considerable experience in the collection of statistical information; he has lived long enough in a foreign land to know that essential differences sometimes lurk beneath external resemblances in the social arrangements of two countries, and to be on his guard against the erroneous inferences to which ignorance of this fact leads. He is naturally acute, energetic, cautious. For the difficult task of investigating and reporting upon the condition of an important branch of industry, and the circumstances which are likely to promote or retard its progress among a community so different in all respects from our own as that of India, probably a better selection could not have been made than that of Mr. Mackay.

This movement of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, though interesting and important in itself, appears much more so when regarded as one of the first notes of preparation for the great inquest which will be summoned to sit upon our Anglo-Indian government, previously to the renewal of the East India Company's charter.

British India now includes the whole enormous region from the Suleiman range of the Beloochees and Afghans on the west, to the mountains which divide Assam from Burmah on the east—from the Himalaya mountains to Cape Comorin. Its population cannot fall short of a hundred millions of souls. The annual exports from England to India average nearly seven millions sterling. The responsibility of the British nation for the good government of such a dependency is awful. It involves directly the well-being of a hundred millions of fellow-creatures—indirectly, the prosperity of the large proportion of our fellow-countrymen whose worldly means are bound up with those of a country which imports annually to the value of almost seven millions of our produce and manufactures, sends us a corresponding value in return, and besides pays a large annual tribute to the stock-owners of the East India Company.

Of the actual condition and social relations of this important dependency the people of England are very imperfectly cognizant. In the archives of the East India Company is ample store of information, but its very bulk renders it of little avail even for the Leadenhall Street Directors themselves. The interesting notices respecting India which occasionally come out through the press are fragmentary in their nature, the fruits of the observation of isolated individuals, gleaned up amid the hurry of engrossing avocations, bearing upon limited localities. The stirring but ephemeral incidents of Indian wars bear an undue proportion to facts of less obtrusive but more pervading and abiding interest.

One fact, however, is highly suggestive. The foundation of our Indian empire and the establishment of the United States of North America as an independent nation were contemporary events. The loss of our North American colonies helped to concentrate the attention and exertions of England upon its Indian dominions. The progress made by British India since 1760, in civilization, material wealth, and intelligent enterprise, is barely perceptible; while the United States have expanded from a few obscure colonies into a mighty nation, second only to our own in the value and extent of their commercial relations, second to none in intelligent and successful enterprise. The Anglo-Norman inhabitants of the "old Thirteen" Provinces have made the valley of the Mississippi, and the prairies beyond it, which little more than half a century ago were mere wastes, the thronged abodes of a vigorous and wealthy European population, and have extended their settlements to the shores of the Pacific. This they have done without the aid of the aboriginal tribes, who have proved irreclaimably addicted to their nomade hunter habits. The Anglo-Normans who rule British India have to deal with a country thickly peopled with races far advanced in civilization, though of a peculiar character; yet in every respect the results of their efforts lag far behind those visible in America. To place the difference in a most striking point of view, it is only necessary to contrast the cotton produce and the mercantile marine of British India with those of the United States. There is actually a more fully-developed steam-navigation between Panama and California than between Bombay and China.

These general results are palpable; their more occult causes, at least in so far as India is concerned, are obscure and hidden. It could be wished that many independent interests connected with British India might take the same step that has been taken by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, with a view to elicit the truth respecting such special features of India's social condition as more immediately concern them.

The modifications in the government of British India which may be required, when the renewal of the Company's charter affords an opportunity to introduce them, ought to be set about in a fearless yet dispassionate and reflecting spirit. It cannot be denied that the policy of the Company, in its administration of India, has too often been characterized by narrow-mindedness and undue timidity. But neither ought it to be denied that many of its acts have been indicative of a liberal, intelligent, and truly princely spirit—disinterested benevolence and superiority to mere conventionalities. If the progress of India since 1760 has fallen far short of that of America, the condition and temper of our possessions intrusted to the management of the East India Company contrast most favorably with those which have been abandoned to the rule of the Colonial Office.

From the Spectator, 16 Nov.

BRAZIL.

When the agitation of free-traders was first extended to sugars, we heard, for some time, of nothing so much as the necessity of conciliating Brazil. The importance and extent of the Brazilian market, for our produce and manufactures, was as egregiously exaggerated as that of our own sugar-producing colonies was undervalued. On all sides were heard warning voices against irritating the excitable Brazilians by adhering to a protective policy; a policy which, no doubt, was unwise, but which, being that of almost every nation, could afford to none a just cause of quarrel. These representations, having served their end, are now put out of sight. The differential sugar-duties are undergoing a process of gradual extinction; and the advocates of their abolition, being also adherents of the present ministry, talk no more of the danger of irritating the Brazilians, because it is the pleasure of ministers to persist in a policy that threatens to make every Brazilian the personal enemy of every Englishman.

This is not said with reference to the old grievances exposed by the investigations of Mr. Hutt's committee. Within the last twelve months the

tactics practised in the vain hope of suppressing the slave-trade by force of arms have been modified. The scene of the vexatious crusade against all Brazilian shipping, under pretext of hunting out slavers, has, in great part, been transferred to the coast of Brazil. It is scarcely possible for a Brazilian vessel to stir out of its own ports without being annoyed by the interference of some of our English cruisers. Nay, in several instances, vessels suspected of being intended for the slave-trade have been attacked in Brazilian ports and carried off by English men-of-war. Hitherto it has been customary with civilized nations to abstain from attacking even the ships of war of hostile nations in a friendly port; but the officers of Lord Palmerston's anti-slavery squadron now attack the merchant-vessels of a friendly power in its own harbor. These unprecedented aggressions have naturally led to the mutual cannonading of Brazilian forts by British cruisers, and of British cruisers by Brazilian forts.

The time selected for perpetrating these unwarrantable violations of the territory of an allied power has been singularly injudicious. At the very moment that English cruisers were seizing Brazilian vessels in Brazilian harbors and battering Brazilian forts, the legislature of Brazil was passing a law for the more effective suppression of the slave-trade. It may be frankly admitted that, in the past history of Brazil, similar laws appear to have been enacted, with a quiet conviction on the part of the legislature that it was impossible to enforce them, merely to conciliate England by a sacrifice to appearances. But this is not now the case. Brazil is an extensive isolated mountain system, separated from the Andes by the comparatively low land in which the river Plate and some of the principal affluents of the Amazon have their source, and subsiding on the shores of the ocean and the Amazon into extensive plains. The plains adjoining the sea and the river are adapted to the growth of that tropical produce which has most frequently been cultivated by negro slaves. The mining districts in the hills north of Rio Janeiro have also given employment to a number of slaves, though there a large admixture of free laborers is met with. But in the high inland plains and mountains in the south and west of Brazil, slavery, where it still lingers, is little more than nominal. There is a large extent of territory in Brazil that has no interest in the continuance of slavery. In the low tropical lands the few whites have long been alarmed at the continuous increase in the numbers of negroes. The parties engaged in the slave-trade are alone recklessly bent on its continuance; the planters and other settlers are anxious to see it checked and ultimately abandoned. As the slave-traders have been in the habit of giving long credits, their power over the planters is unquestionably great; but the power of a creditor, in moments of popular excitement, when it is easy to make the origin of his claims odious, is of a very precarious kind The new law for the suppression of the slave-trade in Brazil has been enacted at a time when a desire to see it enforced is rapidly extending throughout the country; and, it may be added, that of late years a desire to see a strong government upheld in Brazil has been increasing even in the anarchical provinces most remote from the centre of government. The new law against the slave-trade is more of a reality, is more certain to be enforced, than any of its precursors.

With singular infelicity, our foreign office, admiralty, and cruisers, have seized the very moment when the slave-trade was tottering in Brazil—falling under its own weight—to enlist every sentiment of natural patriotism and national vanity on its side, by aggressions which set at nought every principle of international law and justice. The violation of the independent jurisdiction of the Brazilian waters has also been carried into effect with a degree of insolence enough to stir the most cold-blooded. Letters from the officers of our cruisers have found their way into the newspapers, from which it appears that every outrage in Brazilian harbors is regarded as establishing a claim to speedy promotion. Upon an excitable tropical population this has produced its natural effects. English sailors have been thrown out of windows in Rio; English merchants have been stoned in the streets; "Death to the English!" is the cry of the mob of the metropolis of Brazil—a mob nowise slow to put such cries in act.

The conduct of the Brazilian government and legislature, thus irritated by the aggressions of the English government, and urged by the "pressure from without" of their more inconsiderate countrymen, has been extremely creditable. The law for repressing the slave-trade has been finally adopted; attempts to induce them to rescind privileges conceded to an English steam navigation company have been calmly and steadily resisted. The conduct of the Brazilian government has been dignified and just; while that of the English has been an aggravated repetition of the system of bullying and assailing weaker states, so discreditably enacted in Greece, in Central America, and other countries.

Where, in these circumstances, have the glib and noisy talkers, who, when they were aiming at a reduction of the customs-duties on the articles they deal in, were so sensitively alive to the danger of irritating Brazil, now crept to? Brazil is now, at the least, as important a market for English produce as it was a few years ago; and an important market it is, though its importance, both absolutely and in comparison with our own colonies, was shamelessly exaggerated at one time for party purposes. The irritation of the Brazilians, which, in 1845, was put forth as a possibility, is now a grave reality. Yet, not one of the voices which clamored to have the sugar-duties reduced in order to propitiate Brazil, now warns Lord Palmerston to desist from insolent violations of international law in order to disarm her enmity. Such temporizing is all the more odious since it is now openly avowed that the leading motive of the hostilities in the Brazilian waters has been, not to put down the slave-trade, but to make prizes, and thereby win promotion for young officers.

ECONOMY OF STEAM POWER.—In Mr. M'Nicoll's timber-yard and saw-mill at Liverpool, steam-power has been applied to work the travelling-cranes used to convey the timber about the yard. Each crane, when worked by hand, required four men, whereas the steam-crane is worked by a man and a boy only, and does double the work, the wages being about 330*l.* per annum in one case, and 67*l.* in the other. The steam-machine will carry 13 logs of timber, weighing together 19½ tons, one at a time, from one end of the yard to the other, a distance of 100 feet, in twenty-six minutes, at a cost of less than sixpence.—*The Artisan.*

From the Tribune.

Poems. By GRACE GREENWOOD. 12mo. pp. 190. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

This beautiful volume consists of selections from the poems which have been widely circulated in various periodicals, and which have established the rank of the author among the most richly gifted American poets. They are singularly free from the monotony which blights the highest efforts of many of our popular versifiers, and breathe an intense, impassioned spirit, which stamps their claim to being genuine, original products of an earnest and lofty nature. The severity and wild vigor of many of these poems are relieved and softened by frequent gushes of tender pathos. With no affinities with the school of milk-and-water sentimentalists, they abound in traits of delicate and noble sentiment. The sympathies of the author are hopeful and generous; she has not been petrified by the touch of a false conservatism; her song is in accordance with the spirit of the age; she has faith in human dignity, in self-sacrifice, in ideal truths; and under the glowing inspiration of this creed she pours out her soul in sweet and fiery canticles, which have a virtue altogether more sovereign than the sonorous ring of hollow words. By a natural transition she facilely passes into the region of the comic and humorous; but her attempts in this kind, though showing the healthiness of her genius, have not the brilliant polish essential to the charm of wit. Her versification, always spirited and vigorous, is not remarkable for smoothness, and sometimes becomes too harsh for a dainty ear. In her preface she asks the public to regard this volume more as a promise than a performance—more as a prophecy than a fulfilment; and, as a counterpart to this modest claim, we venture the opinion that the fruitage of her ripened genius will more than redeem the pledge of its rich blossoming. The proem to this collection is in a strain of noble aspiration. We extract a few stanzas:—

Some lays there are seem only sent
To add to passion's blandishment,
  Or wing the creeping hours
Of souls to lifeless ease resigned,
In dreamy languidness reclined
  On pleasure's couch of flowers;
And some are like exotics rare,
Found blooming in the still, soft air
  Of pride and luxury only;
And some like priceless, burning gems,
Set in imperial diadems,
  In very brightness lonely;
And some in stately sluggishness,
Forsaken barks, float rudderless
  Adown time's silent river;
And some are meteors on high,
One moment flashing o'er the sky,
  Then lost in night forever!

My lays, my lays—would they might find
  An echo in my country's heart,
Be in its home-affections shrined,
  Form of its cherished things a part!
Be like wild flowers and common air,
Blooming for all, breathed everywhere,—
Or like the glad song of the bird,
Gushing for all, *felt* more than *heard!*
Earnest, untiring might they be
Like barks before a breeze at sea,
  Whose dashing prows point home,—
Like good knights bound for Palestine,
Like artists, warmed by fire divine,
O'er icy Alp and Apennine,
  Holding their way to Rome,—
Like arrows flashing through the fight,
Like eagles on their sunward flight,—
Like to all things in which we see
An errand and a destiny!

And would to Heaven that Freedom's voice,
  Wild, bold, defying, strong,
Might sometimes, like a martial strain,
Peal through my fearless song!
The soft-toned lays of sycophants
  May mine yet ring above,
Clear as a clarion, and yet
  Their very soul be *love!*

O, not that Love who deems her sphere
Is not where falls the mortal tear,
  Not by the mortal's hearth,
As ministering angel here,
  Far from her place of birth;
With earnest, heavenward-gazing eye,
And spread wing fluttering for the sky,
All yearning to depart *she* seems,
And scarce permits, in her high dreams,
  Her *feet* to touch the earth.
Away with such a love! Be mine
A love more glorious, more divine,
  That boweth to the Infinite,
When his *dimmed* image meets the night,
As 't were *all* glory and *all* light!
That loves the wide world *as it lies*,
With broken soil and clouded skies,
With changing scenes and varied lots,
And few flowers springing in the spots
  Where angel feet have trod!
Let every theme with this be fraught,
Let every lay, let every thought,
  Flash out this life of God.

From the Albion.

Through the pages of various periodicals, this assumed name has become familiar to the public, for under it many a pleasant lay has been sung for the public gratification. We are glad, therefore, to find the choicest here gathered together in one small volume, and acknowledge ourselves very much pleased with it. What takes our fancy particularly is the vigor of thought and the honesty of purpose generally evidenced in them—so unlike are they to the dulcet warblings—dulcet and nothing else—of the general flight of poetesses. Grace Greenwood seems to look on life as a gift to be enjoyed, not as a burden to be borne, and exhibits, moreover, far greater sympathy with the earnest and the grave, than with the whining sentimentalists whom young lady rhymsters are apt to convert into heroes. The reader may relish a sample of her abilities, in place of any attempt at criticism. Here is a passage in the proem, which pleases us, and in which the apparent confusion of images is justified by the two last lines:—

My lays, my lays,—would they might find
  An echo in my country's heart,
Be in its home-affections shrined,
  Form of its cherished things a part!
Be like wild flowers and common air,
Blooming for all, breathed everywhere,—
Or like the glad song of the bird,
Gushing for all, *felt* more than *heard!*
Earnest, untiring, might they be
Like barks before a breeze at sea,
  Whose dashing prows point home,—
Like good knights bound for Palestine,
Like artists, warmed by fire divine,
O'er icy Alp and Apennine,
  Holding their way to Rome,—
Like arrows flashing through the fight,
Like eagles on their sunward flight,—
Like to all things in which we see
An errand and a destiny!

At the risk of repeating a thrice-told tale, we further select, in proof of Grace Greenwood's joyous and witty spirit, four stanzas from a lively piece, entitled, "Wanted—a Theme." They need no explanation.

I might weave lays like rose-wreaths, mother, and fling
  them left and right,
All odorous with the breath of love, and glowing with its
  light;
But though 't were all a sham, mother, wise ones their
  heads would shake,
And they 'd say I was in love, mother, which were a sad
  mistake. * * *

The terrible might do, mother—some wild, unearthly
  story;
I might ride, for a Pegasus, a nightmare into glory.
But then that "Raven" there, mother, above that "cham-
  ber-door,"
I asked *him* if 't would be a hit—quoth the raven, "Never
  more!" * * *

The fooleries of the *beau-monde*, mother, should I write
  on as I feel,
The ladies fair would vote me odd, and not at all genteel,
And ah, the lordly sex, mother, their ire would heaviest
  fall,—
They 'd vow I was a sour old maid—and that were worse
  than all!

I think I 'll off to bed, mother—I 'm tired, and then it 's
  late,
The horse I rode this afternoon had such a shocking gait!
So do not early break, mother, my deep and soft repose,
For I love a morning doze, mother—I love a morning
  doze.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet.—The novel of this name, recently put forth by the Harpers, is the most powerful that has issued from the English press since the publication of Jane Eyre. Indeed, but for one or two passages which smell of the pulpit, we should be half-inclined to think that it must have proceeded from the same vigorous and trenchant pen. It has a great many of the same characteristics, both of excellence and defect, with that extraordinary work. It has the same freshness, the same originality, the same occasional coarseness, the same abrupt energy of style, and the same impetuous earnestness, yet it differs in a great many other respects. There is not in Locke the subtle analysis, and bold, broad painting of characters, the minute and morbid self-anatomizing, and the almost disgusting fondness for monstrous developments of passion, which distinguish the books of Currer Bell; but there is, what is much better, a deep pervading sympathy with the great political and moral movements of society, and a healthful Christian philosophy. The interests of Jane Eyre and of Shirley are mostly confined to the individuals of the drama, while in Alton Locke the personages are wonderfully aggrandized and exalted by their connection with the grander interests of society.

Alton Locke is called by some a chartist, and by others a socialistic novel, but any one who will read it to the end, will see that it is neither, in any exclusive or technical sense of the terms. There is a great deal said of the five points of the charter; the hero is an avowed chartist; the catastrophe turns on the failure of the chartist agitation, and now and then important questions of social reform are hinted at; but the great object of the writer appears to be, not so much to suggest any specific schemes of social or political action, as to inculcate new, earnest, and most comprehensive views of Christianity. The profound religious spirit which pervades the whole, and the passionate eloquence with which the great truths of Christian equality and brotherhood are enforced, are the leading features of the book. The upturning of social wrong and rottenness, the keen probing of the abuses of the established church, and the exposure of the superficial and hollow pretensions of chartism, as well as of the windier sort of socialism, are the mere incidents of the picture, or rather the instrumental accompaniment, of which the grand religious thoughts are the ground-tone and soul.

Alton Locke is in the form of an autobiography, and in the earlier portions has all the minuteness and verisimilitude of a description from life. The render is really persuaded that he has hold of the history of a poor devil of a tailor; but as the narrative advances, the naturalness and probability of it decreases, though the interest quickens and expands. Locke, who is in the outset a tailor, gets to be a people's-poet, is introduced into high society, falls in love with a splendid woman, without daring to mention it, is disappointed, embroils himself in a riot, is condemned to prison, and finally emigrates to Texas, where he dies. This is all the plot the book contains, but it serves as the vehicle to many brilliant descriptions, beautiful scenes, profound discussions, and passionate experiences.

There are some harsh and bitter criticisms in the work, fiery outbursts of indignant radicalism, but its general tone as a whole is healthful, reconciling, and elevated. We should think that none of the classes into which society, especially English, are divided, could read it without improvement.

One thing is remarkable of all the late English works of fiction, which profess to deal with the gloomy condition of the people. They all send their heroes and heroines abroad to finish their careers. Emigration is almost the only remedy which addresses itself to their minds. Thus, Bulwer in the Caxtons; Dickens in David Copperfield, and the author of Alton Locke, find no resting places for their favorites, when the requirements of the story render it necessary to distribute the poetical justice, but in Australia or Texas. This fact is a most impressive commentary upon the state of opinion, as well as of society, in Great Britain.

From the Christian Register.

This is a very remarkable book. Who the author is, and how much may be true and how much fiction, we know not; but there is a vividness in the description, both of scenes and of passions, which makes us confident that, though the events may be imaginary, it is a narration of real experiences. It gives a terrible picture of English society, or rather of that portion of it which is stifled and hid under the prosperous surface. It is the life of a chartist-tailor, and professes to give a view of the lower classes of England by one of themselves. If the work be really an autobiography, personal suffering may have given to it its power; but if it be a work of imagination, the author is a man of genius who will be heard of again.

In reading the book, we have been reminded of a conversation with a Mormon leader, a man, in spite of his Mormonism, of intelligence and integrity, who spent some nine months in England, employed in making converts to his new faith. We had supposed that the chartists represented the poorest class. He said, no,—that his time was spent among a class below the chartists,—a class in the manufacturing and mining districts, so ignorant and degraded as not even to know or think of political action—so debased as to have no thought beyond the night's debauch, or the morrow's bread. His calculation was, that there were three millions in England sunk into this depth of brutal wretchedness. He had kept a full journal of what he had seen and heard,—a journal, he said, such as he imagined no other person had ever thought of, or ever had the means of keeping. From this class he drew converts, and it was in their homes that he lived. We cannot but think that such a journal would be far more worthy of seeing the light than those which repeat, for the thousandth time, descriptions of palaces and works of art. He said that he thought, before going to England, that he knew what poverty was, but that he never could again regard himself a really poor man while he was sure of having simply a crust of bread, and water, and any shelter under which to sleep.

The book before us probes and exposes existing social evils. It treats, however, particularly of the more intelligent class of working men, and portrays the hindrances that environ, the burdens which crush them, and the pent-up passions in their hearts. It is a fiery book, in whose presence the novels of fashionable life wither away. The shallow prettiness of the court journals and of fashionable lady novelists, look thin and faded enough by the side of the terrible realities which it brings up into the sunlight.

Gleanings in the West of Ireland. By the Honorable and Reverend S. Godolphin Osborne.

A portion of this book consists of Mr. Osborne's "Letters" to the *Times*, which drew such a terrible picture of the destitution of the peasantry and the administration of the Irish Poor-law. The author has added some matter which he thinks it "important to publish, but which would not have been acceptable to the generality of the readers of a newspaper." It is possible that we may return to the volume.—*Spectator.*

Haw-ho-hoo, or Records of a Tourist. By Charles Lanman, author of Letters from the Alleghany Mountains. Philadelphia: Lippencont, Grambo and Co.: 1850.

The author of this work has already appeared before the reading world in several publications, and it is to his credit that he improves with every successive appearance, observing more shrewdly and describing more forcibly. He has travelled much in different parts of the United States, little visited by the common herd of tourists, in the remote west beyond the shores of Lake Superior, or in some parts of the Atlantic coast scarcely less frequented by travellers, such as the peninsula of Accomac in Virginia, inhabited by a race of men possessing a peculiar character and customs, of which he has given an entertaining account in this volume. The articles entitled the Sugar Camp, the Fur Trappers, and Plantation Customs, are favorable examples of his power of delineating American rural life, and life in the backwoods. He is an angler also of much experience, and his notices of bass fishing, trout fishing, and other branches of the sport, are worthy of a thorough-bred disciple of old Walton. The volume closes with a collection of Indian legends, made by the author, in his travels in the west, many of which are highly imaginative and striking.—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

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